

1916

Milestone 1916

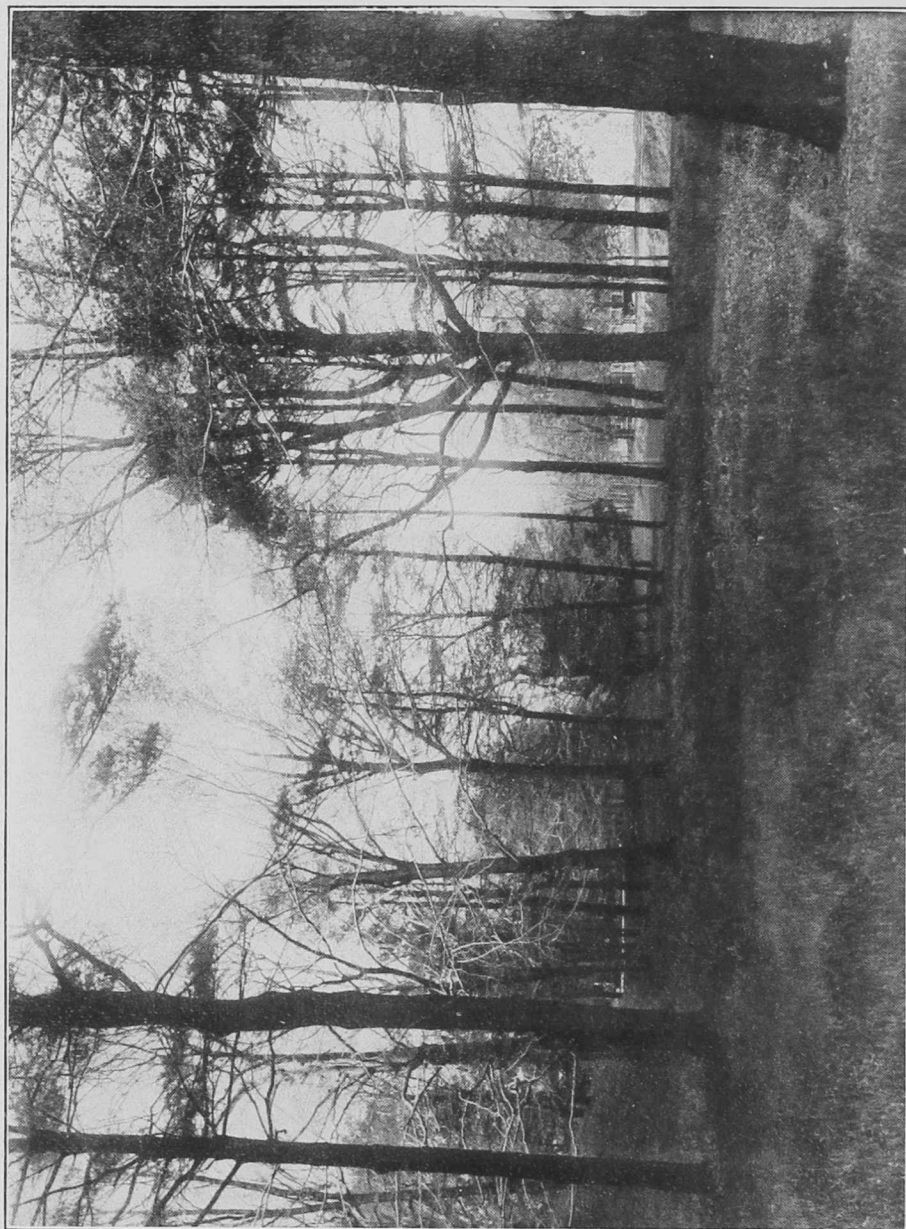
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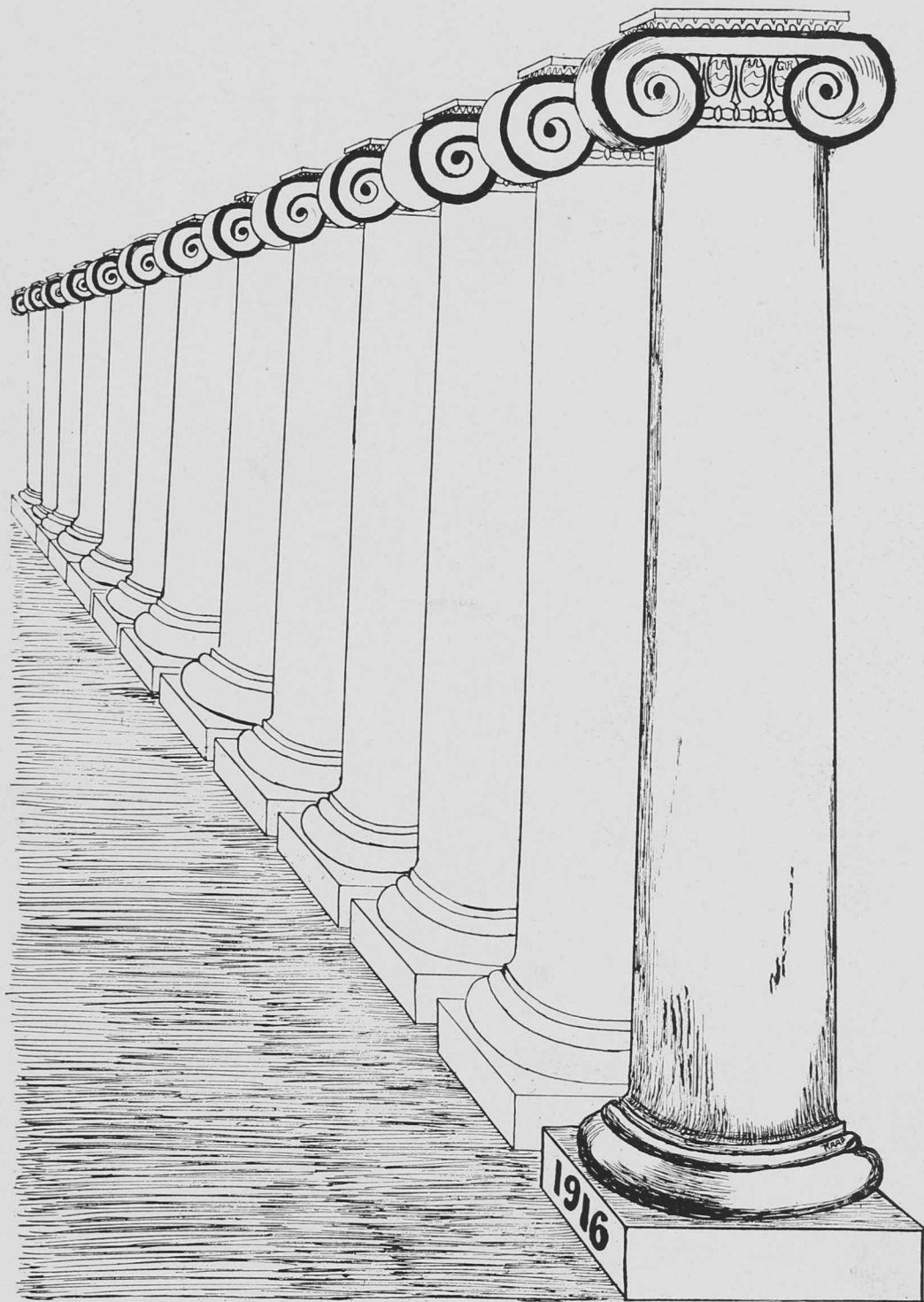
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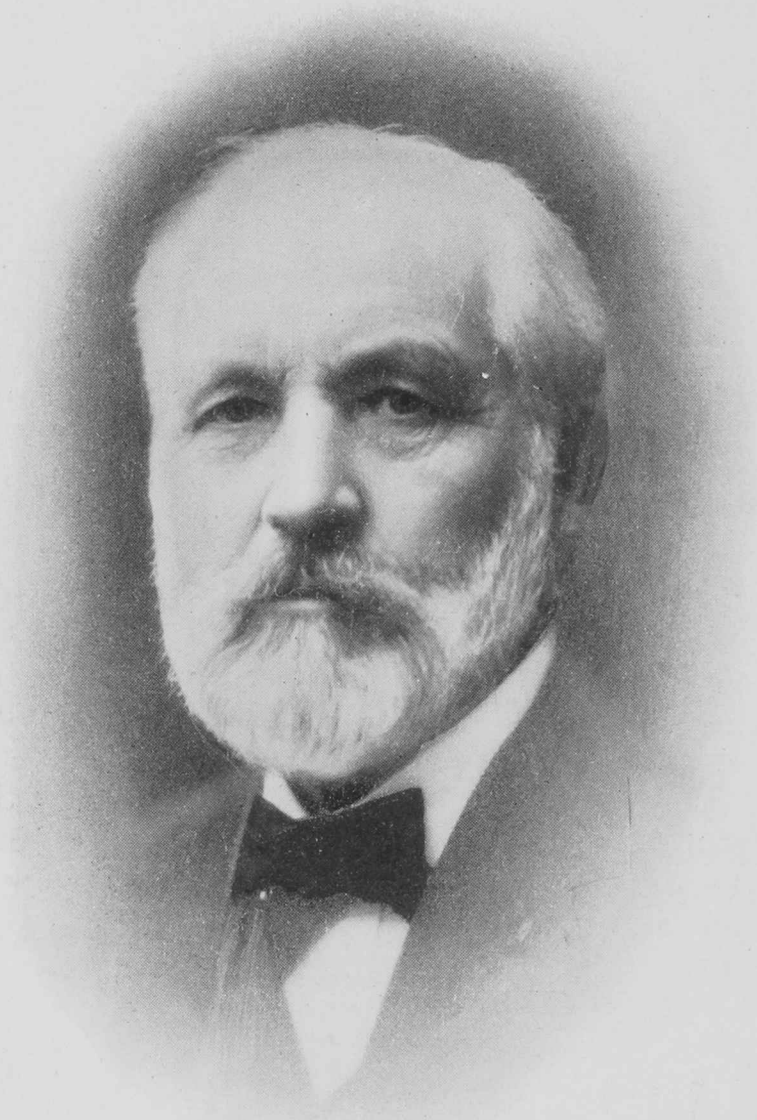
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THE SUNKEN GARDENS



THE MILESTONE

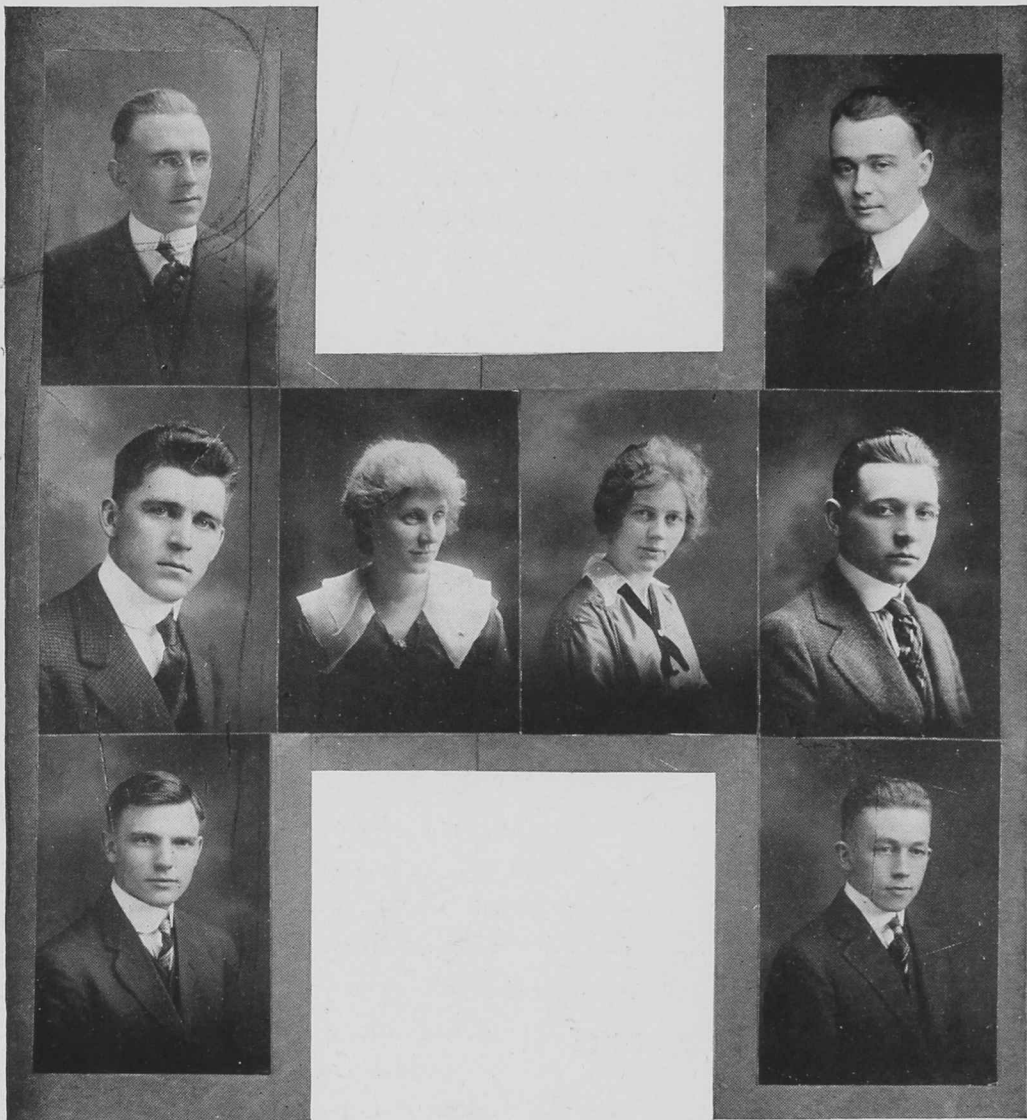


Gerrit J. Kollen, LL. D.

Dedication

In appreciation of the fact that, as an Alumnus of Hope, loving his Alma Mater deeply and sincerely, he devoted his whole life to further her cause and welfare; saw, during his efficient career as President of Hope, our institution grow and develop into one of the largest and strongest colleges in the State of Michigan; loved his students and was deeply loved and respected by them; exerted, by virtue of his uprightness of character and conduct, his uncompromising attitude towards injustice, and his large-hearted sympathy in trial and trouble, an influence that will be an inspiration to studentry for years to come, though dead, yet speaking "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—The Milestone has the honor of dedicating this work to the sacred memory of

Gerrit J. Kollen, LL.D.



The Milestone Staff

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Foreword

In presenting THE MILESTONE to the students, alumni, and friends of Hope, we feel that we are supplying a distinct want. For obvious reasons it has not been deemed advisable to issue an annual regularly at Hope College. The class of 1905 produced a book which was not without considerable merit, and we regret that so promising an undertaking failed to eventuate into an established custom. Indeed, the Hope College Annual has been in a state of innocuous desuetude for these many years; consequently, without recent precedent nor the benefit of an established method of procedure, your humble servants, THE MILESTONE staff, labored under great difficulties in the compilation of this book. We do not presume to have issued a flawless work. Without doubt, a casual perusal of THE MILESTONE will suggest many opportunities for improvement. If, however, we have succeeded, by this pictorial pageantry, in recalling fond memories to the minds of the alumni, and likewise in preserving to those who are still with us the scenes and activities of campus life of today, we feel that the labor bestowed on THE MILESTONE, issued the semi-centennial year of Hope College, shall not have been void of reward.

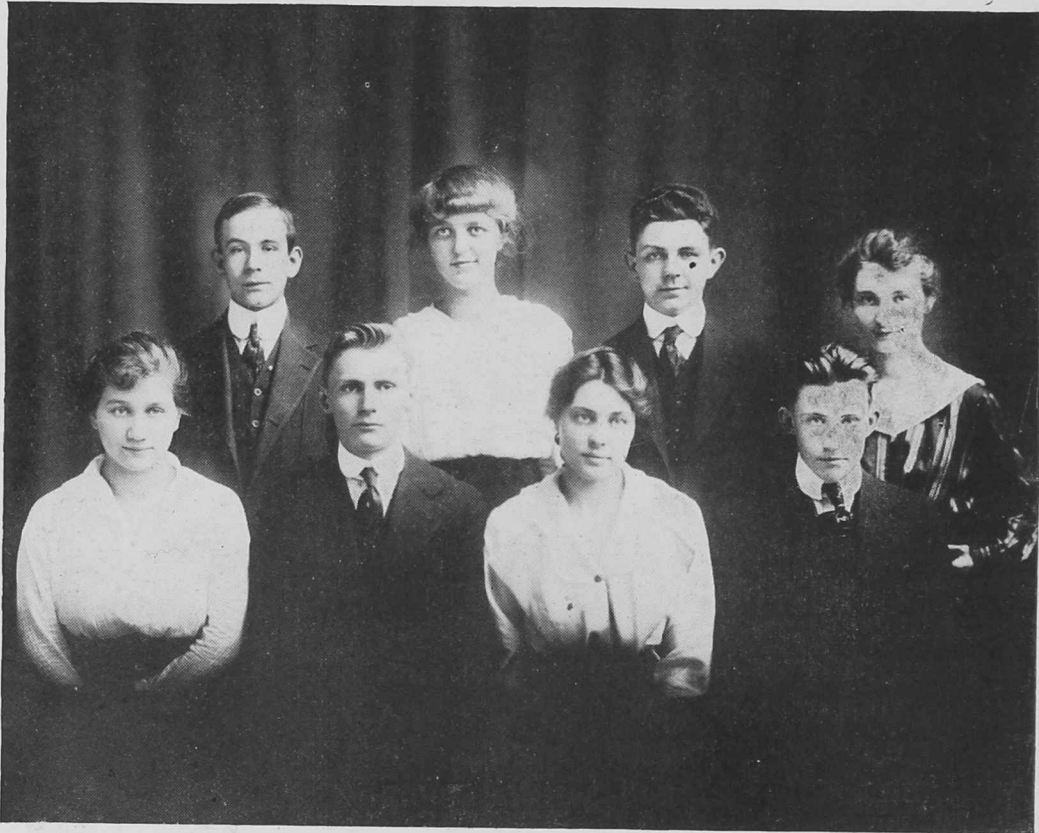
The Junior Class, as sponsors for this book, desire to express their appreciation of the excellent talent lent us by the other classes. We wish, also, to express our thanks to the student body and alumni for the immediate and enthusiastic support accorded us in our plans, and likewise to the advertisers, a circumstance which quickly dissolved the clouds of possible financial difficulties.

As a part of our annual, we are presenting you with the Book of Words of the Pageant of Hope, a project which we anticipate, as we write this, will redound to the glory of Hope and the continued fame of the Senior Class of 1916.

We trust that THE MILESTONE will elicit your approval and afford you much pleasure.

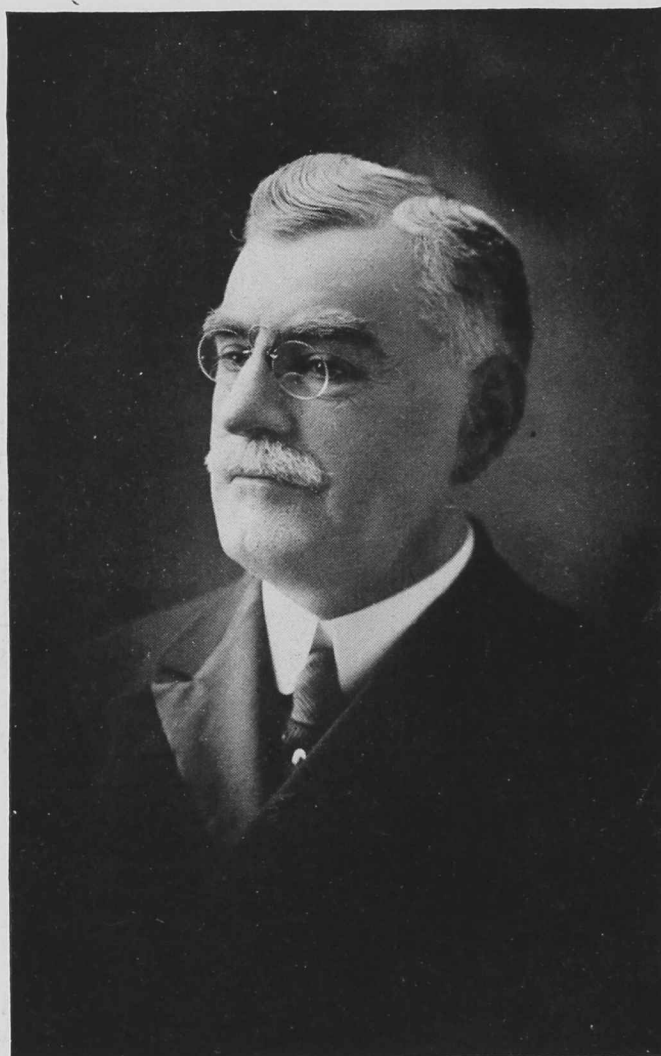
THE EDITORS.

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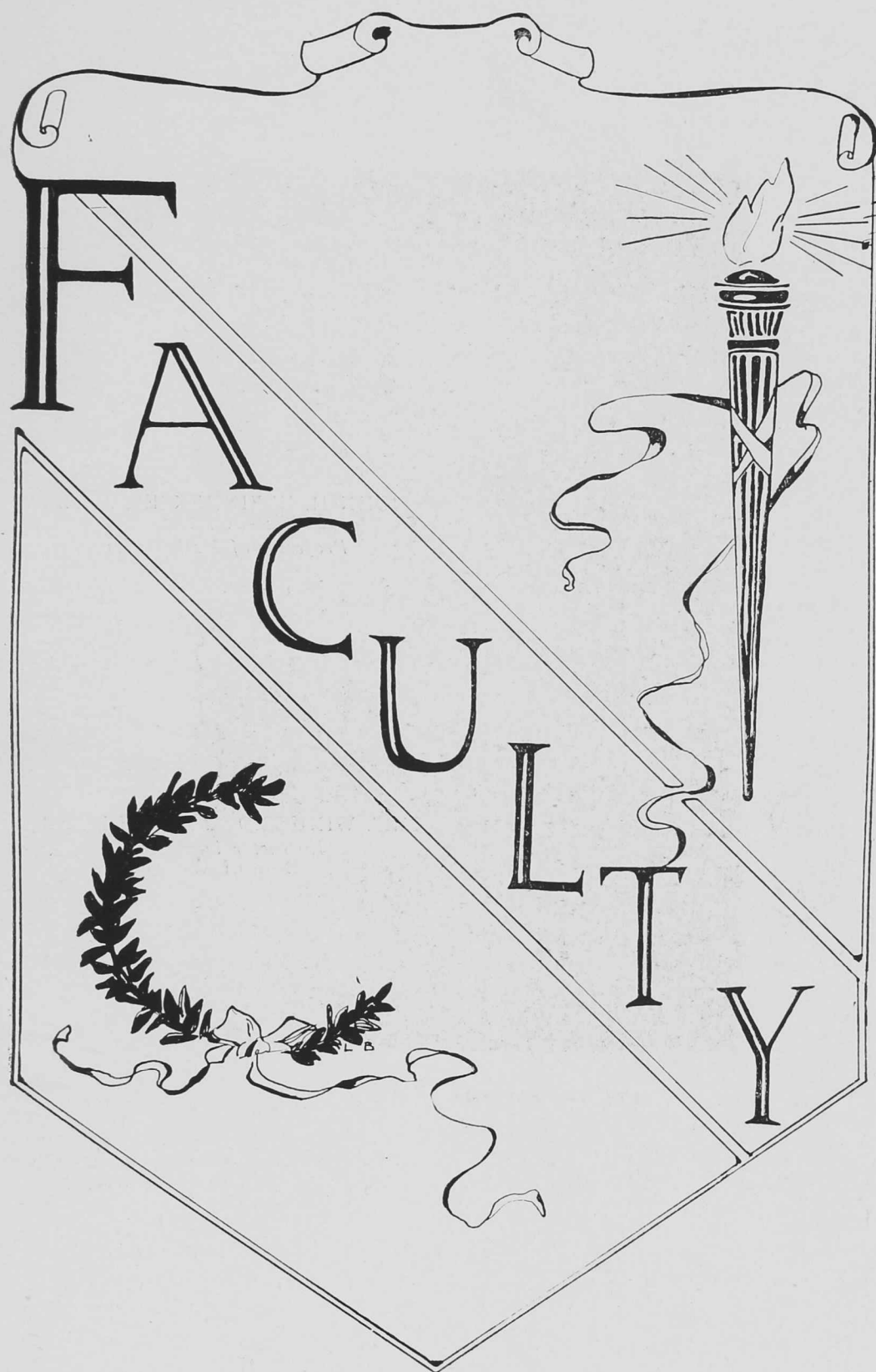


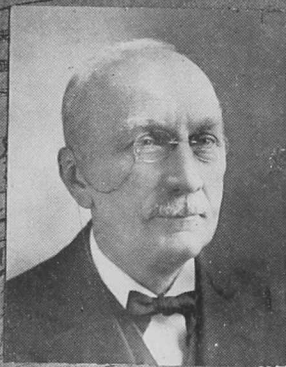
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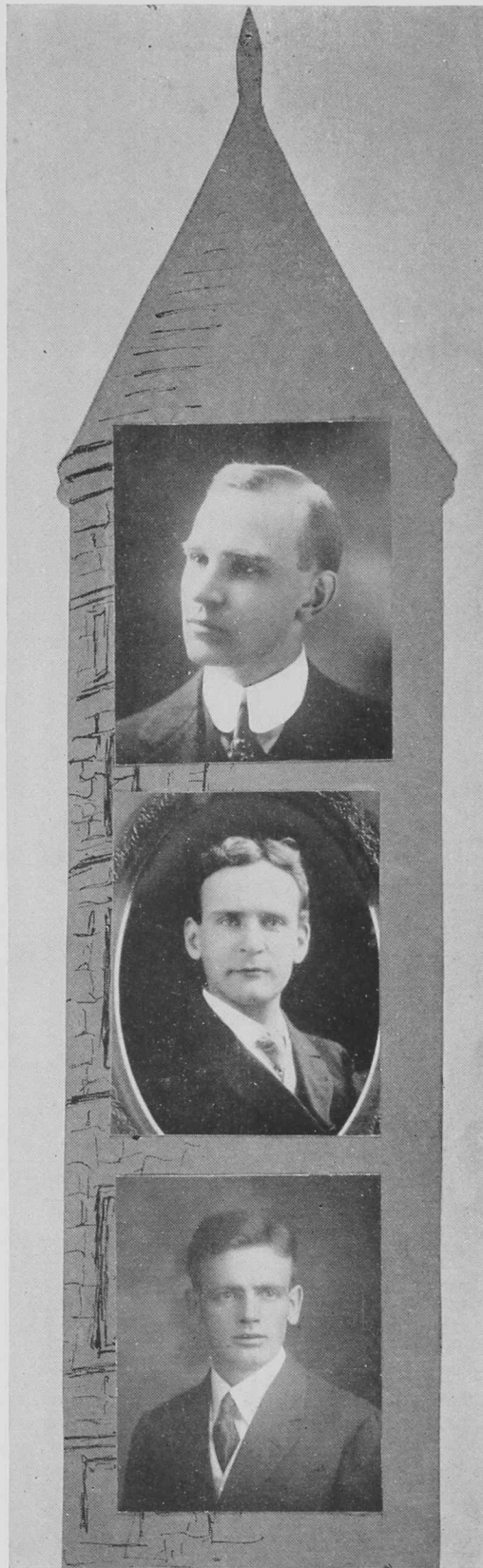


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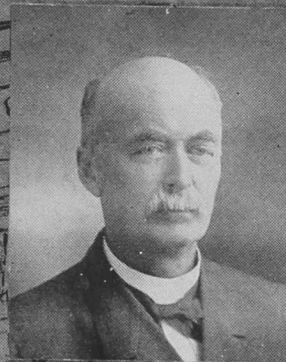


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Instructor in English and German

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Professor of Physics

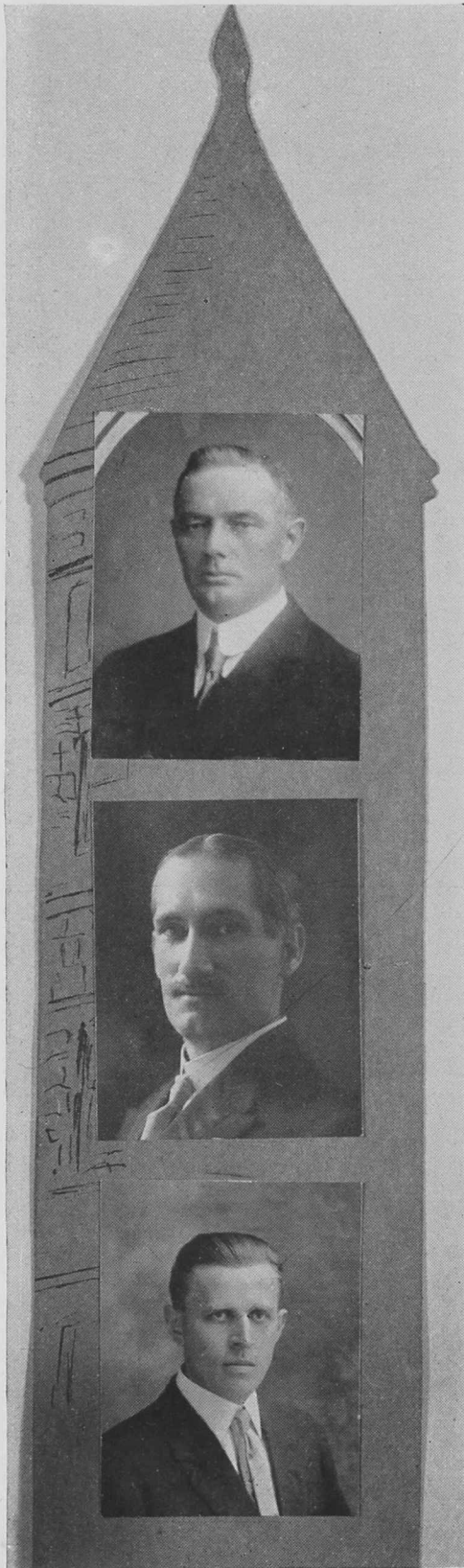


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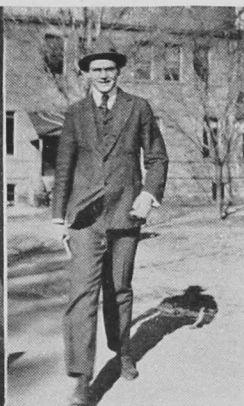


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Librarian

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Curator of the Museum



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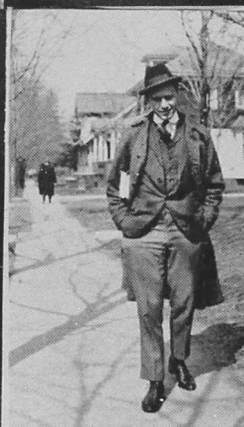
ANTHONY VAN WESTENBURG:

"Methinks thou hast a wan and thinly
look."



ADRIANA SARA KOLYN:

"Anna is a child I wot,
With mien sedate and sage.
'Tis plain that she has thought a lot,
Despite her tender age."



HENRY BELTMAN:

"Give me some music; music, moody
food
Of us that trade in love."



MARTIN EUGENE FLIPSE:

"Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad
satiety."

GEORGE ARTHUR PELGRIM:

"But till all graces be in one woman,
One woman shall not come into my
grace."



FRED HENRY DE JONG:

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."



BRUNO HERMAN MILLER:

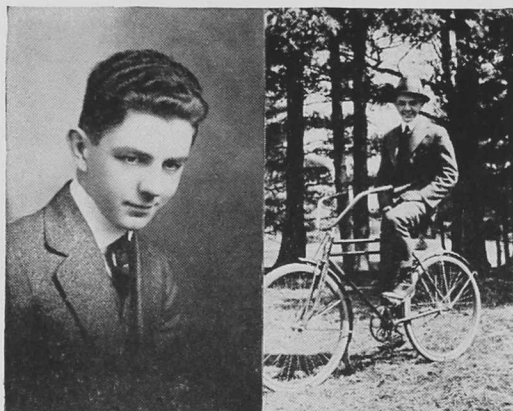
"Fine words! I wonder where you stole
them."



CLAYTON WILLIAM BAZUIN:

"The chemist of love
Will this perishing mould,
Were it made out of mire,
Transmute into gold."





GERARD RAAP:

"Folk, who put me in a passion,
May find me pipe in another fashion."



CHRISTINE CORNELIA VAN RAALTE:

"She that could think and never disclose
her mind,
See suitors following, and never look
behind."



JOHN GABRIEL GEBHARD, JR.:

"That man that hath a tongue, I say is
no man,
If with that tongue he cannot win a
woman."



WILL A. ROZEBOOM:

"Oh he could play the savageness out of
a bear!"

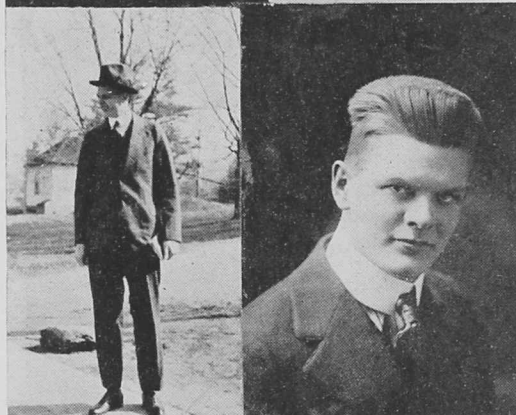
NELLA MARIE PELGRIM:

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."



FRANK WALTER DOUMA:

"Comb down his hair. Look, look! it stands upright."



HERMINA MARTINA IHRMAN:

"So quiet and so sweet a smile."



HENRIETTA MARTHA VAN ZEE:

"Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passion-
ate cadence."





GEORGE STEINENGER:

"List his discourse of war and you shall
hear a fearful battle rendered you in
music."



CATHARINE GERTRUDE HEKHUIS:

"Teach not thy lips scorn, for they were
made
For kissing, lady, not for such con-
tempt."



ARIE CORNELIUS VAN ARENDONK:

"His eye was not dimmed, nor his natural
strength abated."



JEANETTE MULDER:

"Master! Master! news, old news and
such news as you never heard of!"

HARRIS MARTINUS MEYER:

"Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo
plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing."



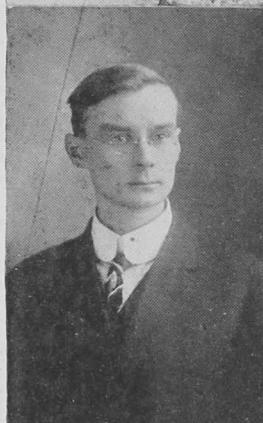
ETHEL JOSEPHINE DYKSTRA:

"Alack! There lies more peril in thine
eye,
Than twenty of their swords."



ALBERT BAKKER:

"Albeit unused to the melting mood."



SARA-HELENE TROMPEN:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie laddie lives,
The laddie I love best."





LAWRENCE WILLIAM JOHNSON :

"Consider first what thou did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman."



FRANCES MARIE BOSCH :

"I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so."



ARTHUR CHARLES CLOETINGH :

"Après moi le déluge!"



CLARA ELIZABETH YNTEMA :

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

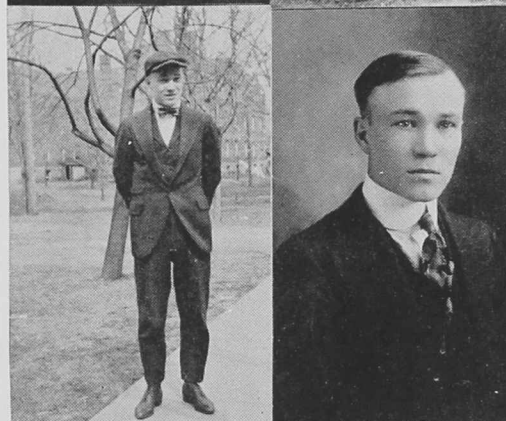
THEODORE HENRY ELFERDINK:

"When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study."



GEORGE FREDERICK VEENKER:

"A man dissatisfied with endeavor is a man tempted to sadness."



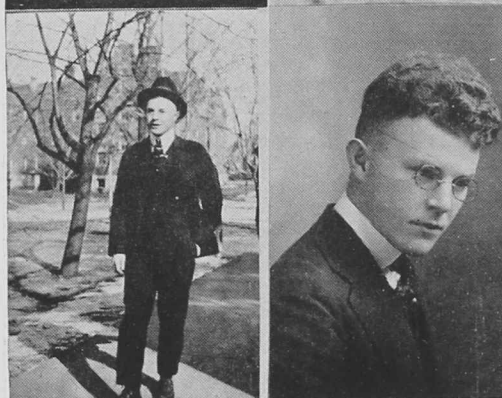
THEODORE F. ZWEMER:

"For whatsoever mother wit or art
Could work, he put in proof."



GERRIT HENRY O. HOSPERS:

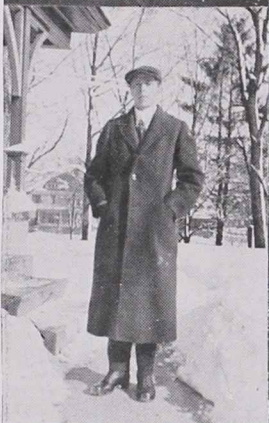
"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."





HELENA FONKEN:

"Bring me word how tall she is."



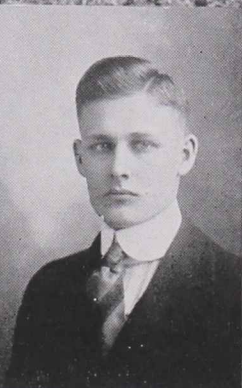
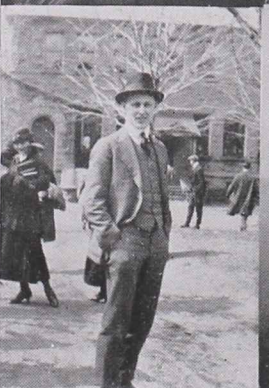
HERMAN MAASEN:

"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."



CALLIE DEMOTTS:

"Most glorious night!
Thou wert not made for slumber."



EDWARD BENJAMIN HOEVEN:

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."

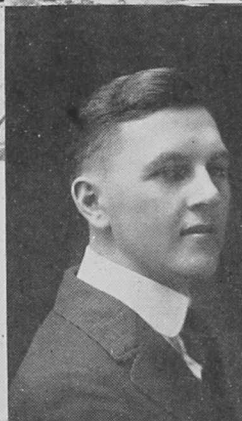
SARA ANNA WINTER:

"She will outstrip all praise, and make
it halt behind her."



HENRY JOHN WITTEVEEN:

"Far from gay cities and the ways of
men."



MARIE CHARLOTTE HABERMAN:

"The hand that hath made you fair,
Hath made you good."



WILLIAM VAN ROEKEL:

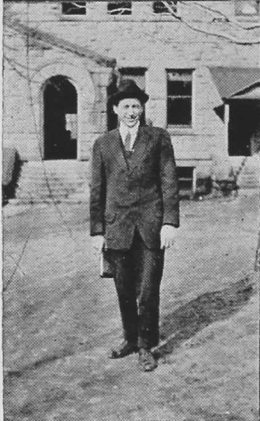
"He is so quiet!"





RETTA ELIZABETH PAS:

"The social smile and sympathetic tear."



LAMBERT JOHN GEERLINGS:

"They only babble who practise not reflection—

I shall think; and thought is silent."



HENRIETTA NELLA H. NEERKEN:

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"



JOHN KUIITE:

"My tongue within my lips I rein,

For who talks much must talk in vain."

NELLIE SMALLEGAN:

“Of all the girls that e’er was seen,
There’s none so fine as Nelly.”



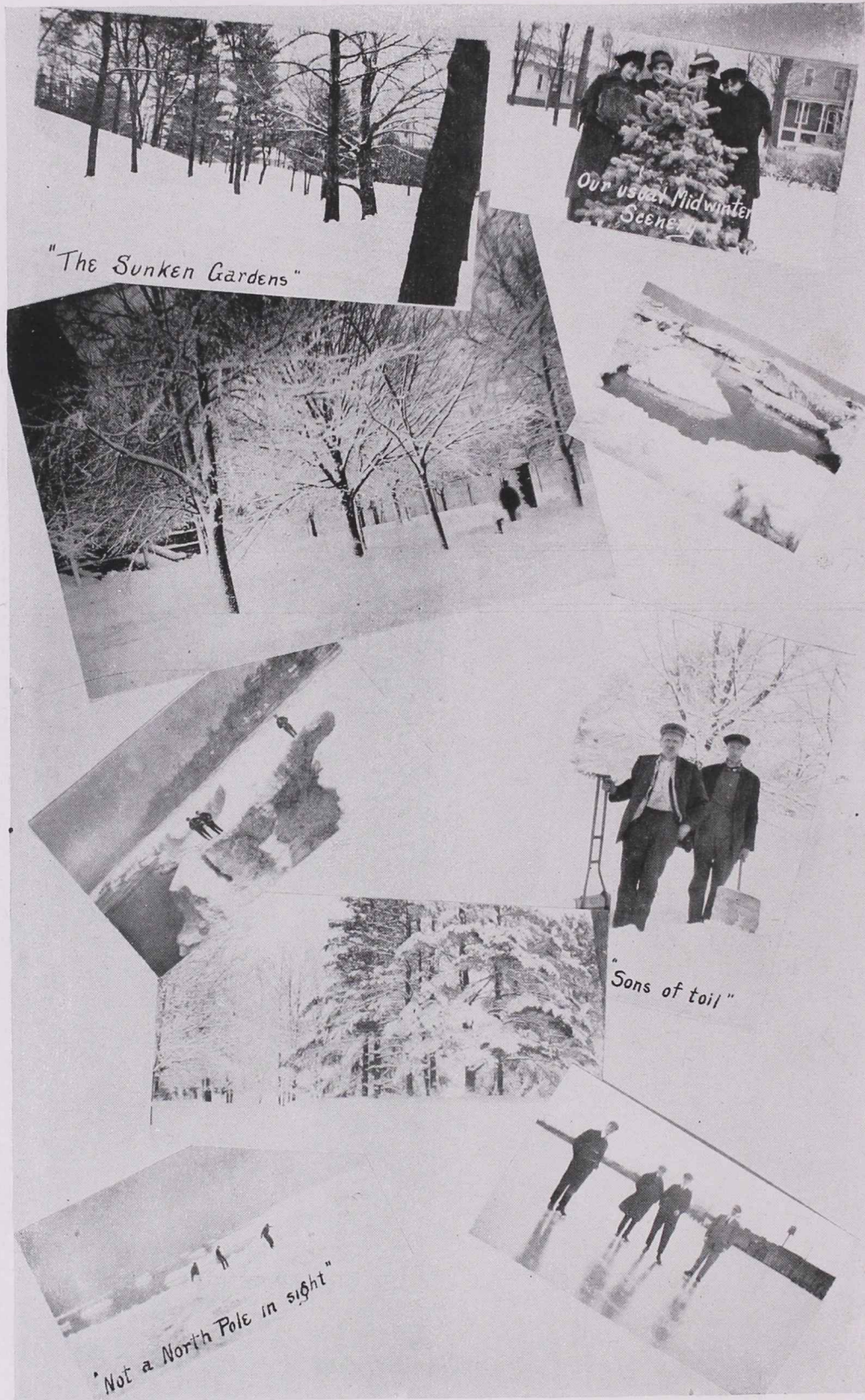
FRANK DE ROOS:

“Hear me, for I will speak.”



Class Officers

ANTHONY VAN WESTENBURG	President
FRANK WALTER DOUMA	Vice-President
CATHARINE GERTRUDE HEKHUIS	Secretary
FRED HENRY DE JONG	Treasurer





JUNIORS



Class of '17

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MURIEL L. FORTUINE	Vice-President
M. JAY FLIPSE	Treasurer

Junior Class

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G. Marvin Brower
Edward P. Cathcart
Lawrence H. Dalman
Dowie G. De Boer
Jay M. Dosker
William R. Everts
M. Jay Flipse
Muriel L. Fortune
Walter W. Gumser
Tiede Hibma
Emma C. Hoekje
James E. Hoffman
Alice B. Hopkins
Bertha Hospers

Gertrude C. Keppel
Eva W. Leenhouts
Henry Lockhorst
Irwin J. Lubbers
Zenas Z. Luidens
Amelia S. Menning
Marguerite A. Meyer
John S. Moore
Frederick J. Mulder
John R. Mulder
Rhea E. Oltman
Elizabeth Pieters
Joseph Potgeter
Max J. Reese
Estelle H. Schipper

Paul Stegeman
Gertrude M. Steketee
William H. Ten Haken
Sophia J. Van Vessem
Elizabeth Van Burk
William Van den Berg
John Vander Broek
Millard Vander Meer
Henry Van Dyke
William M. Van Putten
Ruth M. Veldhuis
Anne G. Visscher
J. Paul Visscher
Cornelius R. Wierenga
Arthur W. Winter.

The Juniors

The present Junior Class first beheld the light of day on the fifteenth of September, Anno Domini nineteen hundred and thirteen. Whereas such a statement virtually completes the history of most other classes, except for an obituary notice four years from date of birth, our history logically and actually makes only its beginning.

We matriculated with a roll of eighty students. Betty came from the city leguminous and literary, Jack from the city beneath the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, "Casey" from the city of cutthroats and cattleyards, Max from the sand-paved city on the Pere Marquette, Sophia from Graafschap's downy leas, Anne merely came down the hill. In fact, from Metropolis and prairie plain, from far East and farther West, as well as from environs more local, we assembled to receive the baptism of knowledge.

The vicissitudes of college life, such as mental inaptitude, professorial incompatibility, gay and festive penchants, yea, even connubial pitfalls, have now and again removed a member from our midst, yet our spirit is a spirit that never dies.

We began our career by generously soaking the then Sophomores *cum frigida aqua fluminis nigeris*. We continued in our course of victory throughout the year, producing college debaters, and an orator who won the State contest. We defeated all comers in football and basketball, and left a few points for the other classes in the annual inter-class track meet.

Returning the next year, we graciously accepted the invitation of the new Freshman class to come across the river. Because of their innocence, we permitted them a few other liberties. We produced more debaters and another State orator this year. We issued a very presentable "Anchor," which displayed latent talent in various lines of endeavor. Altogether, we succeeded in maintaining our high standard.

This year we are doing several things, chiefest among which is the issuing of THE MILESTONE. We trust, gentle reader, that you will understand us correctly. We are setting forth these facts not with an unseemly pride and oblivious self-sufficiency. Our chief purpose is to give you an inkling of the source of the volume now before your eyes. We do not wish to disparage the worth or standing of the other students in college. The Senior class is an honorable class; so are they all, all honorable classes. However, the fact remains, we cannot all receive the palm, nor can we all be crowned with the laurel wreath; so let us abide by the ruling of the fates. With this we end our dissertation. We have not denied that the other classes justify their existence. They undoubtedly do; the Seniors truly. We have only spoken for ourselves; were the horn in their hands, they, too, would toot loudly, and perhaps "louderly."

SOPH





Class of '18

Sophomores

Glen A. Belknap
 Louise M. Brusse
 Walter O. Chapin
 Orren D. Chapman
 Clara M. Coburn
 Edna M. Cook
 John W. De Haan
 C. Ford De Vries
 Edward E. Diepenhorst
 Arba J. Dunnewold
 Harold R. Gilman
 Bernard O. Hakken
 Henry Hoeven
 Della C. Hospers
 Otto E. Huntley
 Bernice L. Jones
 Andrew P. Karsten
 John H. Karsten
 John A. Klaaren
 J. Lewis Kleinheksel
 Ralph G. Korteling
 Georgiana Kortering

Edward H. Koster
 Herman E. Koster
 Eldred C. Kuizenga
 Cornelia Leenhouts
 Gerrit A. Lyzenga
 E. Paul McLean
 Anthony P. Meengs
 Marie L. Meyer
 James Muilenberg
 Bernie Mulder
 John P. Muyskens
 John E. Nienhuis
 Percy Osborne Jr.
 Aida M. Oxner
 Willis J. Potts
 Harvey J. Ramaker
 William F. Reus
 Walter A. Scholten
 Gertrude Schuurman
 Edward P. Slooter
 James A. Stegeman

Marion E. Struik
 Walton Sutphen
 Amelia M. SyWassink
 John Ten Have
 John Ter Borg
 Gerrit Timmer
 Robert F. Vander Aarde
 Lucy Vander Ploeg
 Marion E. Van Drezer
 Maude I. Van Drezer
 Arie Van Dyke
 Chester Van Tongeren
 Fenna J. Van Vessem
 Gerrit Van Zyl
 Ethelyn Vaupell
 Arthur Voerman
 Florence Voorhorst
 Fred Voss
 Florence Walvoord
 Marie Welling
 Stuart Yntema

Those Sophomores, the gay magpies!
 We hear them coming by their ties,
 Their checkered suits and pompadours,
 Their loud guffaws and bovine roars—
 All designate they're Sophomores.

They wonder what, they wonder why,
 Discuss the earth, discuss the sky,
 With syllogistic argument
 Accounting for the firmament
 And defects of our government.

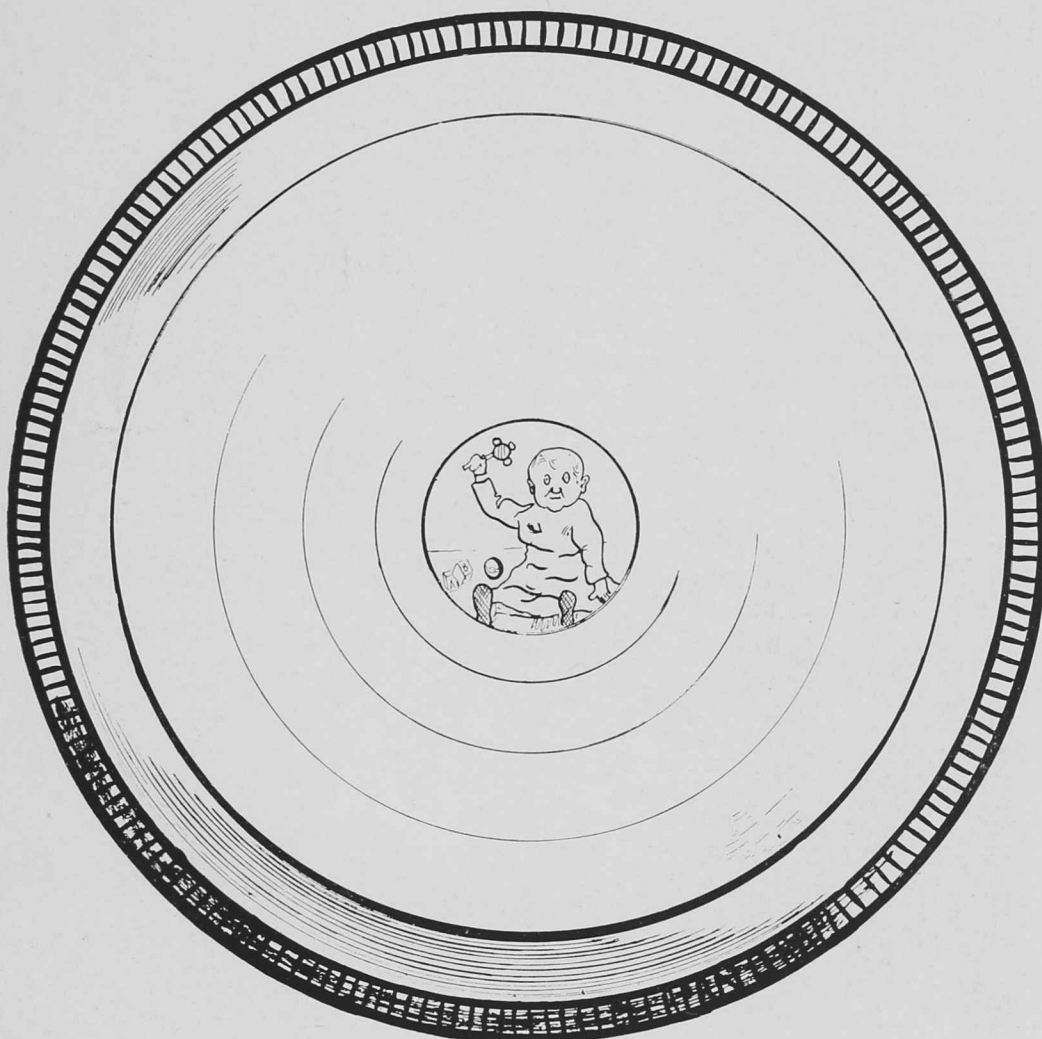
They argue hour after hour,
 Till up is down and sweet is sour.
 With argument they knock their dome,
 And calmly trust that wit will come—
 Alas, alack, nobody home!

They swagger down the avenue,
 Bent backward till they break in two.
 Such is their inconsistency,
 Despite impossibility,
 They'd dilletantes and sages be.

We'll graciously forgive their sins:
 They have their outs, they'll have their ins;
 Their course is happily but brief:
 From vain delusion comes relief,
 When Sophomores turn the Junior leaf!

WILLIS J. POTTS	President
LOUISE M. BRUSSE	Vice-President
ELDRED C. KUIZENGA	Secretary-Treasurer





FRESHMEN SMALL, FRESHMEN TALL,
FRESHMEN VERY LAZY.

SOME ARE FAT, BUT WORSE THAN THAT
THE MOST OF THEM ARE GREEN.

CHAP.

RAP

FRESHMEN



Freshman

Sept. 15, 1915 3 lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Alma Maater

Hope College

Holland, Mich.

Freshman

Officers

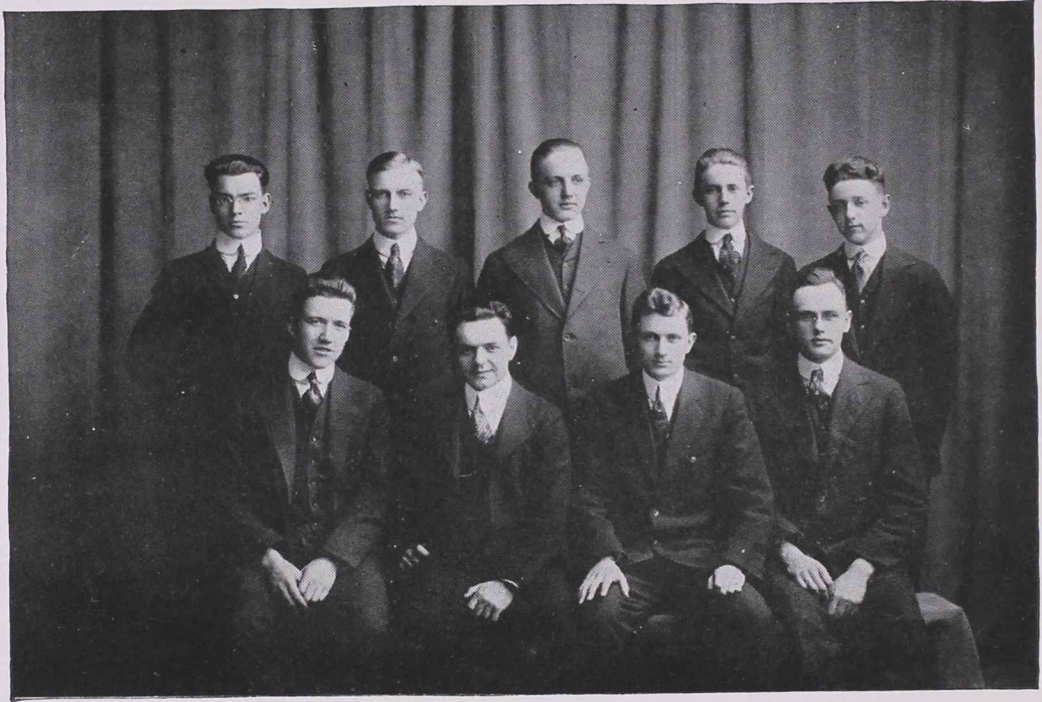
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HARRIET Z. BAKER	Vice-President
CHAS. DE VRIES	Secretary and Treasurer

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Harriet Z. Baker
Peter G. Baker
Bernice I. Benjamin
Olive R. Bertsch
Jay Bouwknecht
A. John Bolks
James J. Burggraaff
Gerrit Buter
Peter Cooper
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Nellie De Graff
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Peter Hamelink
Clarence R. Heemstra

Enos E. Heeren
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Sarah G. Hoffman
Henry Holkeboer
Rudolph D. Hospers
Elmer E. Jewell
Clarence Klies
Bert L. Klooster
Mamie Kloote
Eggo Koop
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Agnes G. Kramer
Benjamin Laman
Raymond Lemmen
Cornelius Lepeltak
Charles S. Marsh
John Henry Meengs
William Herman Meyer
Marcus C. Muilenberg
Arthur Mulder
Esther R. Mulder
Raymond Nykamp
A. Gordon Oltman
Judson Oosterhof
Fred Parish
Cynthia Pennings

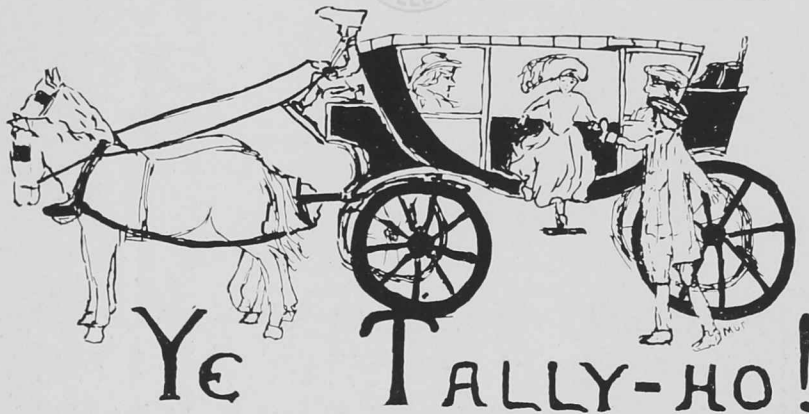
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Henry J. Poppen
John C. Post
Joan A. Potts
Peter N. Prins
Teunis W. Prins
Alice E. Raap
William J. Schipper
Johann A. Schmidt
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Joe Vander Noort
Cornelia Vander Meer
Hilbert Vander Werf
Lillian C. Van Dyke
Willard Van Hazel
Dora M. Van Loo
Elda T. Van Putten
Irene D. Van Zanten
Harold E. Veldman
Lena Visser
Claribel Wright
Richard Zevalkink

The Student Council



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 Irwin J. Lubbers George Steinenger (Pres.) M. Eugene Flipse Anthony Van Westenburg

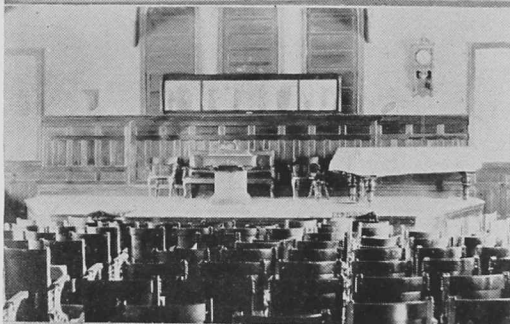
The Student Council is composed of three representatives of the Senior class and two members each of the lower classes, besides two Prep. men. This organization was established in 1909 and serves as a buffer between faculty and studentry. Since its inception it has, to a very large extent, regulated strictly student activities and has been very beneficial to student conduct in general. It serves admirably in preventing possible misunderstandings between studentry and the administration.

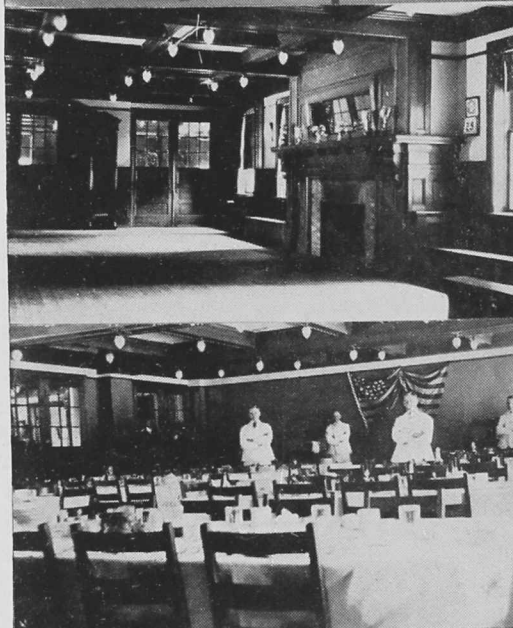


You are standing, my dear friends, before the portals of Hope College. (Theo) Logically speaking, then, there is hope for all who enter here, i. e., if they diligently pursue the study of Greek and assiduously attend unto the words of the Greek professor. But I take it, my friends, that you have either simply matriculated, have matriculated and graduated, or have neither matriculated nor graduated, so that either you are Hopeful, past Hope, or completely Hopeless; and I shall endeavor to adjust my discourse to your varying degrees of Hope intelligence.

These portals are a legacy to Alma Mater from the class of 1912. It is a custom of Seniors to develop dramatic tendencies. These tendencies dislodge some good, bad, and indifferent histrionic talent, and incidentally a sum (never much) of money which is devoted to a memorial, so that every year some memento remains of the most illustrious class that ever graduated from Collegium Spei. Having accounted for the beginning we have achieved much.

Let us now walk up this approach which leads to Winants Chapel. This building is the aristocrat of the campus. It is the oldest of the buildings that mark the modern period of Hope's existence, in distinction from the primeval days when they walked off the edge of the campus into the embrace of a black bear. Entering this building we come into the hallway. The door on the left opens into the administration room. Aside from other administrations, Justice is administered in this room, and because of the many tragedies here enacted we shall, for fear of oppressing your spirits, permit the door to remain closed. The entrance to the right leads into the chapel proper where





the faculty, together with the students, assemble each morning with a regularity that depends much upon whether the individual is registered as a classical, philosophical, mathematical, or scientific student. It is safe to state, however, that the chapel is usually well filled, and the songs of worship from several hundred throats sound far o'er steeple and tower of our adopted city.

As we leave this building and turn to the left, we pass along its south side and come upon the library. This department recently came under the direction of a very competent and most obliging lady, who facilitates the transfer of stacks of knowledge from wooden shelves to mental shelves, to the general uplift of studentry.

Passing up the cinder drive which the class of 1916 proposes to make asphalt (an act which would indeed keep their memory close to our soles), we come upon the rear of the ladies' dormitory. The bevy of damsels seated in the window casement are fair specimens of its inhabitants,—excluding of course the male members of the faculty who dwell on the lower floor. They are mostly mere instructors, and yet they are embryo heroes; for, you see, in case fire should attack this angel roost, it would be incumbent on these gentlemen to rescue ye fainting maidens from the seething flames, a situation which, by the way, discloses the only spot in their armor that is vulnerable to romance.

Begging Prexy's pardon, we shall here cross the lawn. You are now standing before Voorhees Hall which shelters some hundred girls, together with several men's hearts. Being Dutch, we are not given to boasting, but we believe that the daughters of Hope are par excellence, and the *sine qua non* of the institution. Voorhees Hall, as you see it, is the shrine of many a youth's devotion and "oft in the stilly night" melodious voices rise upon the air, and the window casements frame the lovely faces of fair ladies with luxurious, golden locks tumbled over their graceful shoulders tucked closely about with a *robe de nuit*. Stepping inside we find ourselves in the reception, or waiting room. Here the Dean of Women gives parties to the girls, to which boys are also invited. Faculty receptions and the like occur here. And in this hall the swain acquires the virtue

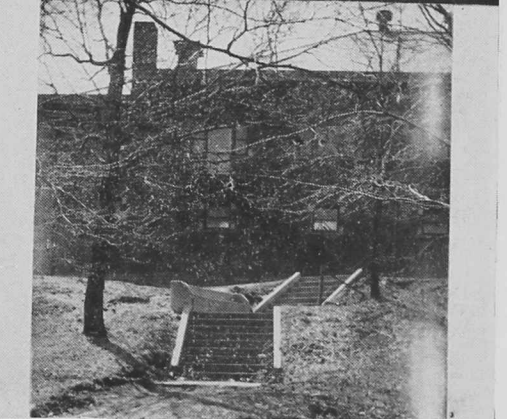
of patience, while waiting for his lady. Just off this hall is the dining room where a number of the "male persuasion" gain in polish and feminine association whatever they may lose in digestibility and nourishment.

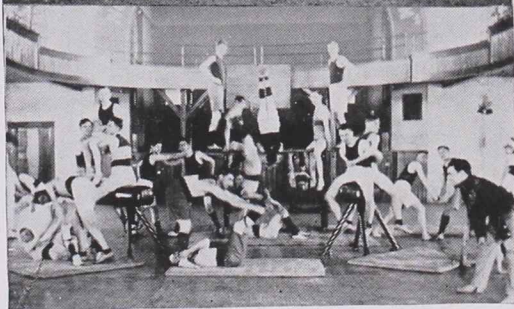
The postman we encounter as we step out is Tom. He brings letters from home, and very often with the letters comes the wherewithal for another month's existence. When you realize that a student sometimes goes about for a week with a nickel in his pocket and trepidation in his heart, you can readily see why Tom is a hero.

We come next to Prexy's house. In the left front corner is the President's private office where the student goes for special favors or for special dispensation. Once each year the Seniors are invited to this house to receive, informally, the President's benediction. We now pass on to the sunken gardens. Some day we suppose, this spot will be covered with buildings, but today it is one of the natural beauty spots of the campus. It grows a variety of trees, and in springtime a flower appears here and there, until some little urchin plucks it up. Several squirrels, numerous birds, and a mourning dove or two have their habitat here, and add much to its charm. In late spring it affords many cool spots where the industrious student may pursue his lessons, or, what is more probable, indulge in a luxurious siesta.

Let us cross this grove to the old building that was once an important part of Hope College. The partitions that divided the building into classrooms have long since been removed, and the building is today used for society halls. The lower floor shelters the Meliphonians, a Prep. literary organization which retains a place in the memory of many alumni who received their preparatory education at Hope. The upper floor is occupied by the Fraternal Society. In this hall much learned lore is exuded, together with a generous admixture of good-fellowship and hilarity. The O. K. E. is the oldest of the college literary organizations.

The stone steps we see here were presented to the college by the class of 1909. They lead up to the campus proper. Previous to the construction of these stone steps there were several excellent cliff-





scalers on the campus. As for getting down, one merely fell over the edge, gathered up the portions of his anatomy that had become detached in transit, and pursued his onward way. Following this path in the sunken gardens, we come to the old Oggel House, another landmark of Hope College and of Holland as well. This structure antedates the fire of 1871. It escaped this calamity, perhaps because of its isolated situation, but more probably because of the anti-conflagration doctrine expounded and fostered within its walls. This building, also at one time a recitation hall, is today the home of several societies. It shelters the Cosmopolitan Society, the Knickerbocker Society, and the Philadelphos Society, an organization which dates with the present year. Besides this, the Ulfilas Society synthesizes the Dutch language in one of its many other departments, and the Science Club analyzes things human and inhuman in another. The Science Club is composed of some dozen members and a skeleton, and succeeds admirably in assisting to keep Hope's science department at a very high standard. In all, the Oggel House holds five organizations; so we see that its days of usefulness are not yet past.

The next building that meets the eye is the Hope Printing Office. From this building issue the publications of the church. These carry the report of college activities to the world outside, but otherwise the little structure plays no great rôle in the lives of the studentry. Scaling the bank to the south of this building, we come to the Observatory, more observed than observing, we regret very much to say. It is used occasionally to inspect the moon when the commissary head fears a dearth of green cheese for the dormitory bill of fare.

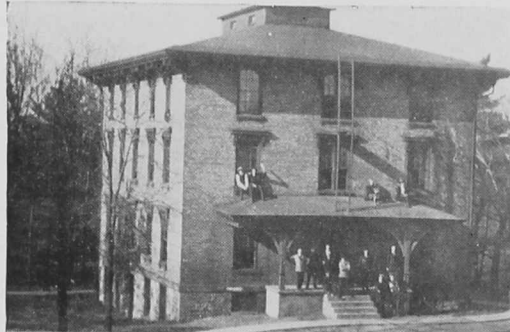
We are now treading the gridiron. On this field, in the cooling fall afternoons, valiant armies may be seen in combat more or less mortal, struggling to maintain the honor of their classes and incidentally plowing up the soil, in the hope that, with careful attention, it may yield a flourishing crop of intercollegiate football. The springtime finds the diamond a scene of strenuous activity. From the farther side of the field, may be seen sturdy youths occupied with a variety of paraphernalia calculated to produce brawn requisite to

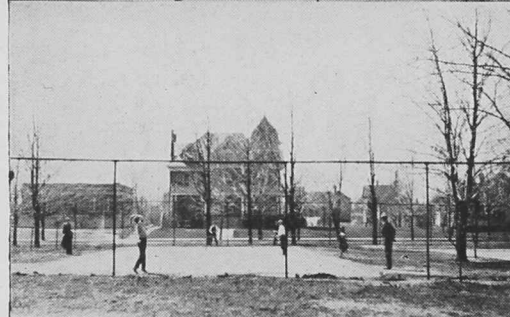
counteract the danger of the top-heaviness, sure to result from too zealous endeavor in the classroom.

Moving to the left, we gain a view of Carnegie Gymnasium. This structure is the Mecca of the studentry in idle hours during the winter. Throughout the basketball season, the gymnasium floor is the scene of much excitement. Inter-class leagues supply the varsity team with excellent material, and Hope holds her own in this department of athletics at least, indicating that proper coaching would keep Hope on the athletic map in all departments. The interior view gives you an idea of the gymnasium classes that all Freshmen are compelled to attend. This same building is employed for lyceum purposes and its interior is very familiar to the townsfolk.

Leaving this building and turning northward, we come upon old Van Vleck Hall. This is the men's dormitory and is productive of gray matter as well as of much of the garden variety of racket. Van Vleck was perhaps the first stone building to appear on our campus, and occupies a permanent place in the recollections of the greater part of Hope's alumni. The view of a room in Van Vleck, we admit, is under ideal conditions, for the touch of a woman's hand is as unknown to Van Vleck Hall as a marble staircase. This truth may not be absolute but it holds at least for the modern age. We have been told that once upon a time a President of Hope College made his dwelling in this building, and that somewhere, in the wide world without, is living a man who marks Van Vleck as his birthplace. The ensuing view of Van Vleck is from the north side, and faces the sunken gardens. The romantic effect of the balcony, however, is without purpose and to no end, as must necessarily be the case of a domicile for men only.

Continuing down this walk, which, you will perceive, is beautifully shaded and gracefully winding, we arrive at the rear or class entrance of Van Raalte Hall. This is the chief recitation building on the campus. It contains all the laboratories and recitation rooms except those of the classical department. There is very little romance about this building and no great occasion for levity. Within this hall lurk all the flunks and conditions that jump out





at the unwary or careless, and make the path of the curriculum from matriculation to graduation a very straight and narrow one. We are both sorry and glad that we cannot take you inside of this building. It would doubtless be of interest to some. If you are really very desirous of seeing it, come and visit, and Prexy will be glad to show you all, including the very interesting museum on the third floor. By walking around this building, you gain a front view. This side of the building is toward the street and serves chiefly to help support the different floors and to keep the heat inside. It sees very little of college activity.

We have now completed the circuit of the campus. The tennis courts, with the accompanying action that you behold, are situated on the southwest corner of the campus. Tennis is one of the big spring-time recreations for girls as well as boys, and the courts are usually ample to satisfy the craving for motion that dwells in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Hope.

This ends our little jaunt. We have now come to the spot from which we started. The two young men whom you see standing on the chapel steps are the Hope Textbook Corporation. We should like to say some nice things about them, but we do not like to mar the veracity of the story we have just told you. Suffice it to say, that they are necessary adjuncts of the institution, and afford a convenient medium of winding up this little expedition.

If you ever have occasion to come to Hope College, kind reader, we shall be glad to show you many more things that cannot be shown at this time. There are several mediums of entertainment which we know you would enjoy,—and we might add that not the least of these is the Faculty!

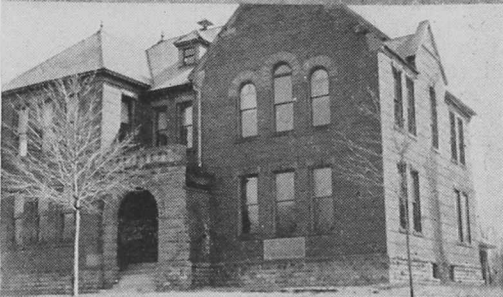
WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



DORMITORY



SEMILINK HALL



BEARDSLEE LIBRARY



RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR
JOHN H. KLEINHEKSEL,
Vice-President of Hope



Songs and Yells

THE ORANGE AND BLUE

Proudly we wave Hope's banner,
 Orange and Blue;
 To her fair shining symbols
 We'll e'er be true:
 Orange for royalty,
 Blue for true loyalty—
 Fling our banner free
 And sing out anew:

CHORUS:

Orange and Blue!
 To them we'll e'er be true!
 We'll keep them flying,
 Forever flying.
 Together cheer and shout:
 Yea! Hopeites (*Shouted*).
 Orange and Blue!
 Raise the song anew.
 We'll ever hail our glorious Orange and Blue!

Like her we show the Orange,—
 Proud let us be!
 Children of Alma Mater,
 Royal are we!
 Blue is the trust of youth,
 Honor, and love, and truth:
 So let us wear them both,
 That all men may see—

Of life's unfolding pathway
 Little we know;
 Yet, over all the journey
 Hope's light shall glow.
 When sinks the closing day
 Over the fading way,
 Then we shall see its ray
 Fair glory bestow.

ALUMNI SONG OF '87

BY DR. H. E. DOSKER, '76

Old Hope! Thy sons around thee standing,
 Now raise thy banner high above.
 To thee a song they sing,
 To thee their tribute bring,
 A tribute of praise and of love.

CHORUS:

Shout a shout, sons of Hope, like a bugle
 blast!
 "Alma Mater sempiterna sit!"
 Sing in jolly college lays
 Of our golden college days
 And the merry, merry life of the past.

Ye host of ancient classic worthies,
 Whom we loved or hated with a will,
 Your lore is half forgot,
 But your memory is not,
 For your ghosts are haunting us still.

As boys we dreamed of days before us,
 Of a distant longed-for "by and by";
 But now, amid the strife
 Of a noisy carping life,
 We look at the past and we sigh.

Many a one is silent at the roll-call—
 Never more they'll cheer us on the way;
 But our love for them will last
 With the memories of the past,
 Of our careless and bright college days.

In the past we loved our Alma Mater,
 In the present do we love her still;
 And we make a solemn vow,
 As we sing this lyric now,
 That our boys our places shall fill!

COLLEGE YELLS

H-O-P-E, Zip rah bang!
 Lily oh Kalani and Li Hung Chang!
 Boom Za Ta Ra Kaliaiope!
 Bow wow yum yum rah rah HOPE!

Boom Chicka Boom! Boom Chicka Boom!
 Boom Chicka, Ricka, Chicka,
 Ricka Chicka Boom!
 Zis Boom Bah! Zis Boom Bah!
 Hopeites! Hopeites!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS YELLS

1916

Yea, Yea, Yea, Seniors!
 Chucka muck a high, chicka muck a high,
 Cho-chow, chee-cho chow chi;
 Wah who wax, Wah who wax,
 We're the ones 'Il give 'em the ax.
 Yea, Yea, Yea, Sixteen!

1917

Boom a lacka, boom a lacka, bow wow wow!
 Chicka lacka, chicka lacka, chow chow chow!
 Booma lacka bing, chicka lacka ching!
 Juniors, Juniors, Just the thing!

1918

Chemo chimo up tip flay!
 Battery bang whoop and away!
 Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Zip ta Zing,
 1918, Just the thing!

1919

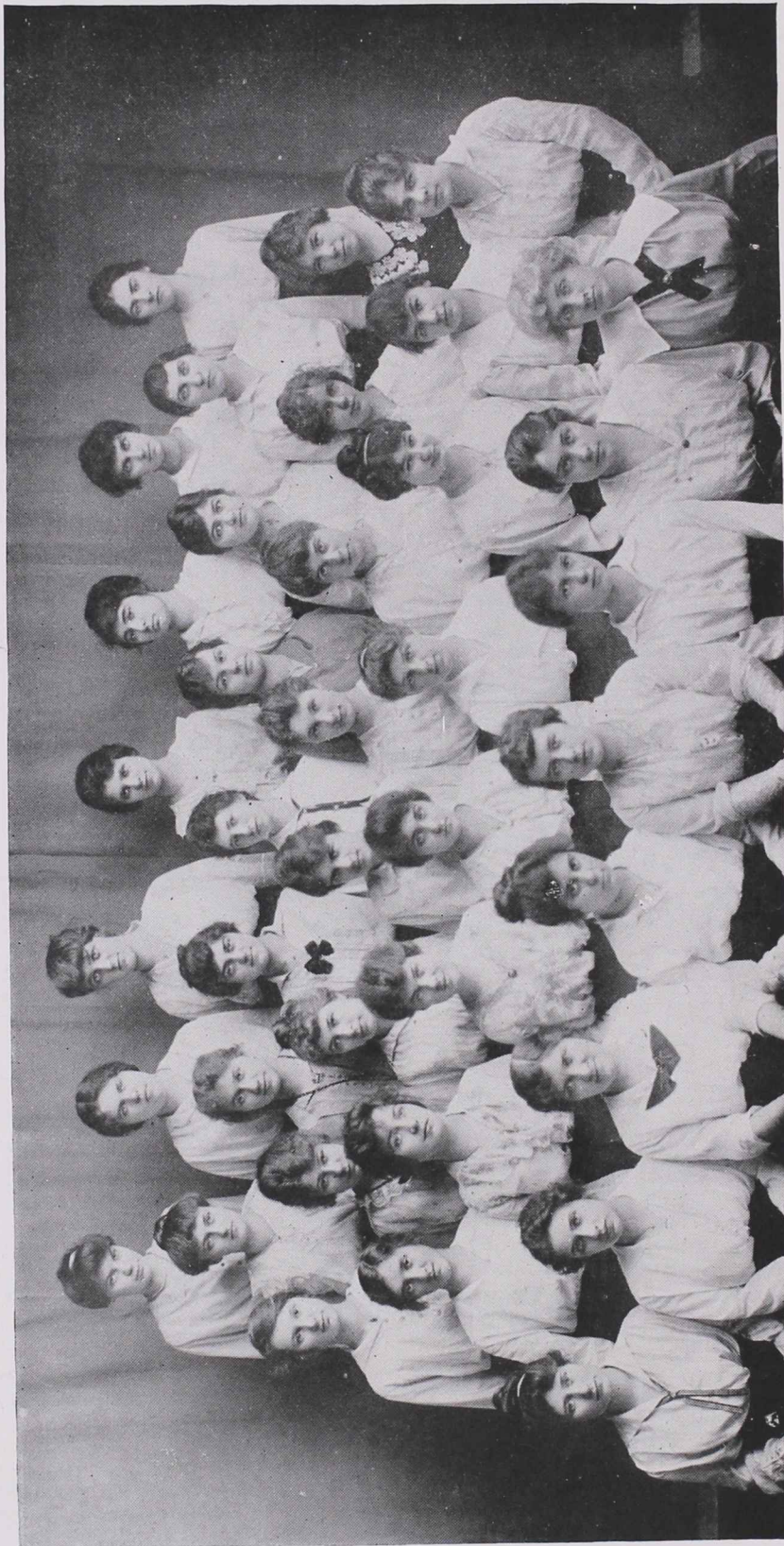
Rickety, Rickety, Rickety, Rax!
 Crax, Crax, Crax, Crax!
 Hoorah, Hoorah, '19, '19!
 Sis Boom Bah!
 Yea, Yea, Yea, Freshmen!
 Yea, '19!

JUBILEE YELL

H-O-P-E, H-O-P-E,
 1-8-6-6, 1-9-1-6,
 H-O-P-E, H-O-P-E,
 1-8-6-6, 1-9-1-6,
 RAY!!! HOPE.



SOCIETIES



SOROSIS

Marie M. Welling Jeanneate Mulder Anna G. Visscher Ruth B. Blekkink Henrietta N. Neerken Ethlyn Vaupell Clara E. Yntema
 Christine C. Van Raalte Adriaana S. Kolyn Elda T. Van Putten Louise M. Brusse Frances M. Bosch Ethel J. Dykstra Nellie Smallegan
 Elizabeth Peters Della C. Hospers Nella M. Pelgrim Harriet Z. Baker Eva W. Leenhouts Ester R. Mulder Muriel L. Fortuine Bertha Hospers
 Marie C. Haberman Rhea E. Oltman Gertrude C. Keppel Ada M. Oxner Alice E. Raap Anna J. Ameele Mamie Kloote Edna M. Cook
 Fenna Van Vessel Marguerite A. Meyer Irene D. Van Zanten Lois M. De Kruif Gertrude M. Steketee Marion E. Van Drezer Elizabeth Van Burk Sophia J. Van Vessel



Officers

ADRIAN S. KOLYN	President
FRANCES M. BOSCH	Vice-President
ELDA T. VAN PUTTEN	Secretary
DELLA C. HOSPERS	Treasurer
ELIZABETH VAN BURK	Keeper of Archives

The Sorosis Society was organized in the spring of 1905. At the present time the society has a membership of 38 girls, all of whom are students in the College department of Hope College. These girls meet every Friday evening in their pleasant hall in Voorhees Dormitory, and enjoy programs consisting of musical and literary numbers, followed by a short social hour. The programs are planned to further the aim of the society,—the literary and social development of its members. These Friday evening meetings are very pleasant; the instructive programs, the kindly, helpful criticism, and the friendly intercourse make a band of girls who are ever loyal to the high ideals of "The White and Gold."

V. '16.





DELPHI

Helena Fonken Gertrude Schuurman Ruth M. Veldhuis Cynthia Pennings Sarah A. Winter Estelle H. Schipper Catharine G. Hekhuis Sarah Helene Cornelia
Callie De Motts Georgiana Kortering Florence Voorhorst Lucy Vander Ploeg Bernice L. Jones Nellie De Graff
Vander Meer Alice B. Hopkins Lillian C. Van Dyke Francis M. Dyke Marie L. Meyer Amelia S. Menning
Hermima M. Ihrman Olive M. Bertsch Agnes Kramer Katherine M. Poppen Marion E. Struik Clara M. Coburn
Henrietta M. Van Zee Retta E. Pas Florence C. Walvoord Cornelia Leenhouts



Officers

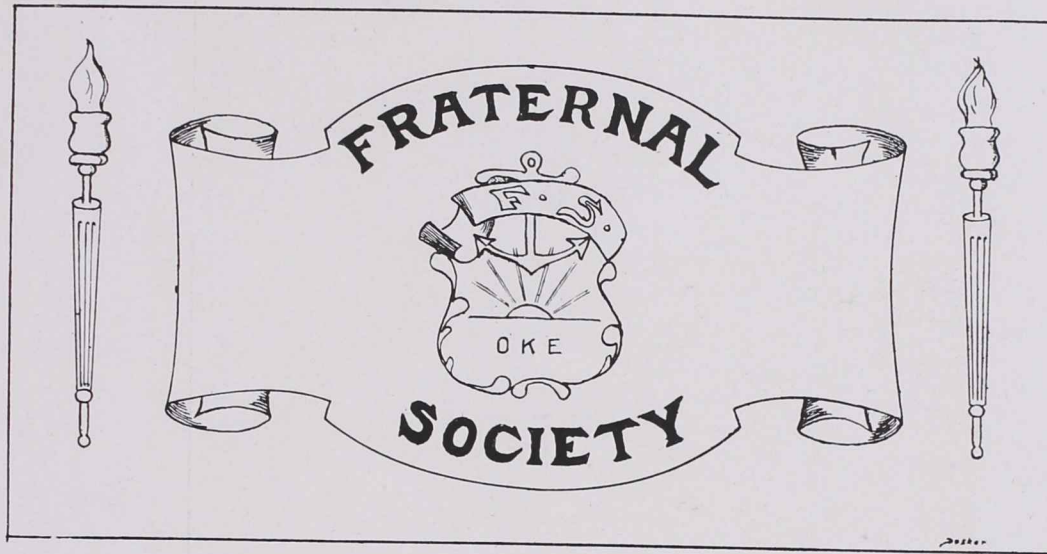
CATHARINE G. HEKHUIS	President
BERNICE S. JONES	Vice-President
FLORENCE VOORHORST	Secretary
MARION E. STRUIK	Treasurer
RUTH M. VELDHUIS	Keeper of Archives

The Delphi Literary Society was organized in the fall of the year 1910, its first meeting being held on the evening of October the eighth. Twelve girls were present, and became charter members of the society. Upon the foundations set by these twelve, a flourishing society has been built, which, in spite of temporary disappointment, has rung true to the ideal set for them, a united sisterhood for the mutual uplift and support of its members. M. '17.





Karsten
 E. Hoeven
 Kleinheksel
 Vander Brock
 P. Prins
 Scholten
 Gilman
 Staplekamp
 Pelgrim
 Elferdink
 Oltmar
 T. Prins
 P. Stegeman
 McLean
 Dosker
 W. Stegeman
 Lurdens
 Winter
 Dalman
 Eiting
 Reese
 Van Westenber
 P. Cooper
 Steinenger
 Johnson
 Baker
 Moerdyke
 Gebhard
 H. Hoeven
 Hospers



Hope's semi-centennial finds the Fraternal Society in the eighty-third year of its existence, it having been organized at Union College in 1834. When the society, due to circumstances beyond its control, was temporarily disbanded, President Philip Phelps, who graduated from Union in 1844, conceived the idea of perpetuating it in the West, and, accordingly, obtained permission to transfer the archives to Hope. This was done in the year 1863, and since that time the Hope organization has steadily developed in all of its various activities. It has as its central objective the all-around development of every member, and the incumbent Fraters trust that it may ever remain true to the constantly emphasized ideal—"friendship, love, and truth."

The present officers of the society are:

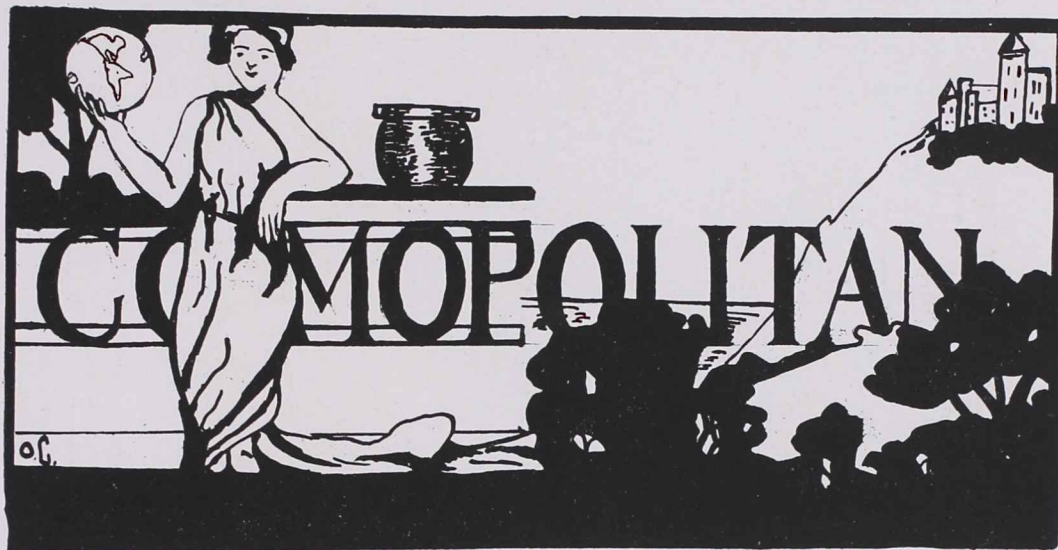
GEORGE STEININGER	President
LAWRENCE W. JOHNSON	Vice-President
ZENAS Z. LUIDENS	Secretary
E. PAUL McLEAN	Treasurer
WALTER A. SCHOLTEN	Keeper of Archives
	S. '18.

The Fraternal Society

Peter G. Baker	G. Henry O. Hospers	Teunis W. Prins
Arthur C. Cloetingh	Lawrence W. Johnson	Max J. Reese
Peter Cooper	Jack H. Karsten	Walter A. Scholten
Lawrence H. Dalman	Louis J. Kleinheksel	John Stap
Cornelius Dosker	Zenas Z. Luidens	Carl O. Staplekamp
Jay M. Dosker	E. Paul McLean	Paul Stegeman
Theodore H. Elferdink	Harris Meyer	Wilson Stegeman
Jacob Elting Jr.	William Moerdyk, P. G.	George Steinenger
John G. Gebhard	John S. Moore	John Van Den Broek
Harold R. Gilman	Gordon A. Oltman	Willard Van Hazel
Edward B. Hoeven	Peter N. Prins	A. Van Westenburg
Henry Hoeven	George A. Pelgrim	Arthur W. Winter



George F. Veenker Edward H. Koster Clarence R. Heenstra Harvey J. Ramaker John R. Mulder Frank W. Douma Willis J. Potts James A. Stegeman
Cornelius R. Wierenga John A. Klaaren Eldred C. Kuizenga William H. Ten Haken Herman Maasen Fred H. De Jong Edward P. Cathcart Eilert Dirks
Charles De Vries Gerrit Timmer Fred J. Eden Irwin J. Lubbers John E. Nienhuis Robert F. Vander Aarde Joseph Potgeter Orren D. Chapman
William Van Roekel Gerrit Van Zyl Cornelius Lepeltak Bernard D. Hakken G. Marvin Brower William M. Van Putten Henry A. Lockhorst
John Henry Meegs Walter W. Gumser Ralph G. Korteling Harold E. Veldman Will A. Rozeboom Herman Koster



1890 Cosmos 1916

These dates are indicative of the period of the existence of the Cosmopolitan Society. Commencing with only a few members, the organization has continued to grow and prosper, until today the society alumni are found in every nation and every clime, and not only the spirit, but also the name itself has been realized—they have become citizens of the world.

And that world-view characterizes the society's activities. Their aim is to broaden and deepen their intellectual abilities. They endeavor to come into contact with every sphere of human activity. Every week they meet to acquaint themselves with the political and social conditions of the world; to be informed concerning the stupendous achievements of modern science; to enjoy the exquisite harmony of the productions of the master-musicians; to be inspired to higher ideals by the great lives of the past; by exercising friendship and by seeking truth, to attain mental, moral, and spiritual progress.

Officers

HERMAN MAASEN	President
WM. VAN ROEKEL	Vice-President
EDWARD H. KOSTER	Secretary
WM. H. TEN HAKEN	Treasurer



William F. Reus Judson H. Osterhof Theodore F. Zwemer James E. Hoffman Frederick J. Mulder Edward P. Slooter Bert L. Klooster
 Tiede Hibma Millard Vander Meer John D. Steketeer Marcus C. Muilenburg J. Paul Visscher Rudolph Haberman James Muilenburg Jay M. Flipse
 Lambert J. Geerlings Arthur H. Voerman Bruno H. Miller M. Eugene Flipse Albert Bakker Simon D. Den Uyl Bernie Mulder
 Fred Voss John P. Muyskens Henry Beltman Frank De Roos Dowie G. De Boer Glen A. Belknap John Ter Borg Arthur G. Mulder
 Henry Van Dyke Gerard Raap Clayton W. Bazuin John Vander Werf Otto E. Huntley John C. Post Bert Van Ark



The Knickerbocker Society of Hope College is one of the four men's societies in the college department. It was founded in the fall of 1909 by a number of men who were then Freshmen. Its founding was due to the increasing number of students at the college, and the inability of the two societies existing at that time, to take care of them because of the necessity of limiting membership.

In a very short time it took its place on an equal basis with the other societies, and has maintained it ever since.

The purpose of the founders of the society was to afford social, intellectual, and moral benefits to its members. Judging from the many things the society has accomplished, its purpose has been entirely fulfilled.

Officers

BRUNO H. MILLER	President
FRED J. MULDER	Vice-President
DOWIE G. DE BOER	Secretary
BERNIE MULDER	Treasurer
JAMES E. HOFFMAN	Keeper of Archives
JOHN D. STEKETEE	Marshal
	B. '16.

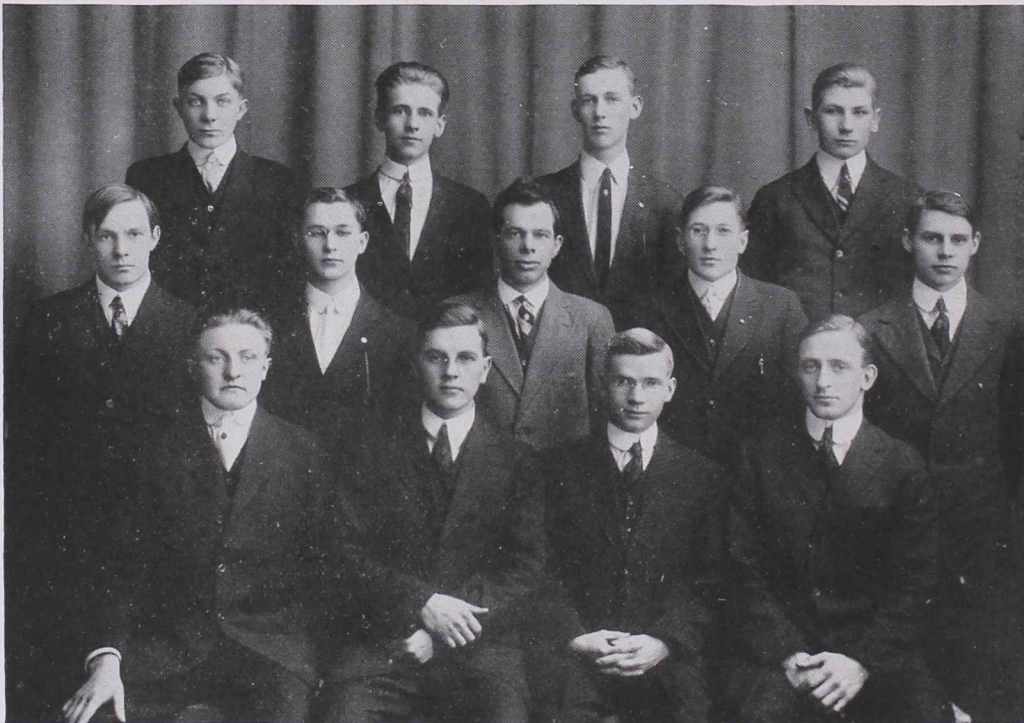
PHILADELPHOS

For several years past there has been felt upon the campus the need of another literary society, because of the fact that the societies already existing could not accommodate the fast growing number of male students that come to Hope each year. In consequence, many college men were without a society home.

Because of this fact, several Freshmen and Sophomores, in the fall of 1915, decided to form a new society, the purpose of which was the uplift of its members along literary and social lines.

Such was the beginning and purpose of the Philadelphos Society. It consists of a band of thirteen men, who are determined that the Philadelphos Society has come to stay and that, ere long, their society shall rank high among college organizations and take a prominent place in all campus activities.

C. '18.



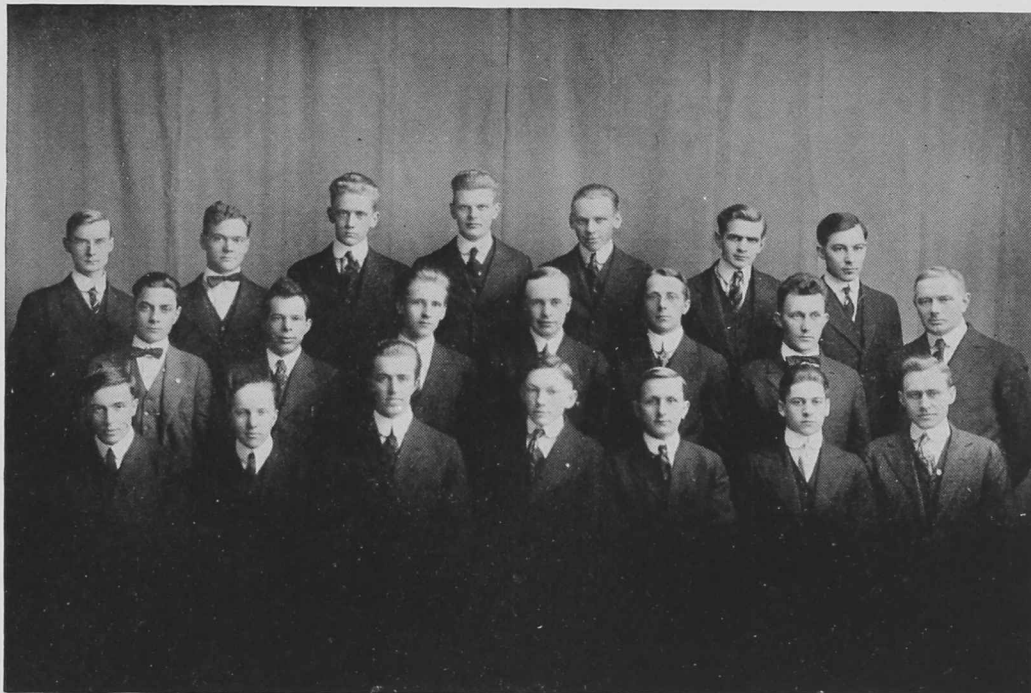
Bernard D. Hietbrink Gerrit A. Lyzenga (Vice-Pres.) William H. Meyer John Heneveld
 Peter J. Koppenaal Enos E. Heeren Benjamin Laman (Sec.) Wilson E. Diekema William P. Koppenaal
 Johann A. Schmidt Henry J. Witteveen (Pres.) Aarbe J. Dunnewold (K. of A.) Walter O. Chapin



On the 30th of January, 1886, under leadership of Prof. C. Doesburg, the Ulfilas Club came into being. The first officers of the society were the following: Prof. C. Doesburg, President; E. Karsten, Vice-President; S. M. Zwemer, Secretary, A. Pieters, Treasurer.

The object of the new society was the stimulation and perpetuation in its members, of interest in the Dutch language and literature,—and this ideal the Ulfilas Club has never lost sight of. Throughout all these thirty years of its existence, the club has held its regular weekly meetings, and has kept alive a sincere love for the best in language, literature, and art that the people of "brave little Holland" have produced. To crown the activities of the year, an annual public program is given, and the large crowds that flock to the gymnasium on "Ulfilas Night" give testimony to the fact that the work of this Ulfilas Club is greatly appreciated by our Dutch people. Much of the present success of the society must be credited to the unfailing interest of Professor Raap, Professor of the Dutch Language and Literature.

M. '16.



Back Row: Albert Bakker, Gerrit Timmer, Willis J. Potts, Frank W. Douma, James A. Stegeman (Secretary), James J. Burgraff, John A. Klaaren.

Middle Row: Cornelius Lepeltak, Benjamin Laman, Gerrit A. Lyzenga, John Kuite (Vice-President), Herman Maasen (President), John Ter Borg, Prof. Albert Raap.

Front Row: Joe Vander Noordt, Edward Diepenhorst, Frank De Roos, Bernie Mulder, Tiede Hibma, Gerrit Van Zyl, Henry Beltman.

Die Deutsche Gesellschaft

RAAP

Diesen picture ist von die Deutsche Gesellschaft. Es ist ein society ausgemacht von studenten, dominéés und der Herr Professor Doctor Elias. Sie lernen here German zu speachen on Montag abening; sie kommen zugether yet um zu speachen einlich Deutsch. Sie speachen nicht very gut, weil sie das Deutsch nicht very gut gelernt haben werden sein im Classe. Sie schippen das Classe oder sie wissen das lesson nicht very gut wenn sie anyway kommen. Das ist nicht gut, ganz nicht, nein. Aber sie tun es anyway doch. Sie werden traurig werden wenn die Deutschers kommen pretty soon yet die Vereinigen Staaten inzunehmen und sie allen German willen machen speachen. Aber sie sagen das wenn die Germans kommen, werden sie ein Messer nehmen, und das Den Herr Professor Doctor Elias an the Hals holden und wenn they nicht soon back gehen, werden sie Herr Professor den Kopf abschnissen. Dann werden die Germans snell wieder back to Germany gehen, I dink so.

Es ist doch ein good Gesellschaft und sie haben auch guten seiten. Then essen sie Limberger cheese und sauerkraut, aber kein Bock. Ja wohl, es ist ein gutes society.



Back Row: Joseph Potgeter, Sarah A. Winter, Henry V. E. Stegeman, Sarah Helene Trompen, William R. Everts (President).

Middle Row: Enos E. Heeren (Secretary), Catharine G. Hekhuis, Helene Fonken, Johann A. Schmidt, Amelia S. Menning, Henrietta M. Van Zee.

Front Row: George Bonte, Leppo Potgeter, Eilert Dirks (Vice-President), Prof. Elias, Eggo Koop, William H. Meyer, Albert Waalkes.

HOPE COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB

During the year 1910 a body of Hope's science men realized the value of an organization whose purpose should be scientific investigation, and so in that year the Hope College Science Club had its origin.

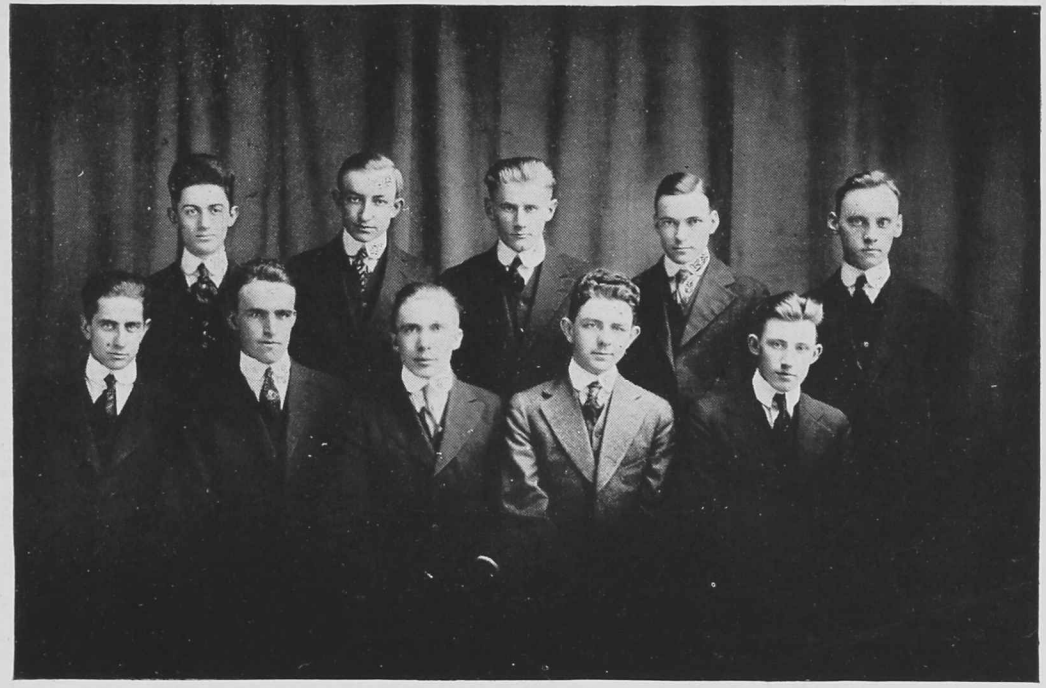
The club has ten active members. The heads of the various scientific departments are honorary members. With this limited membership the work can be definitely assigned and carried out; consequently very fine papers, paralleling class work, are produced on topics of chemical, physical and biological interest.

Though the prime object of the club is scientific research, their social events are on a par with those of other societies on the campus.

K. '18.

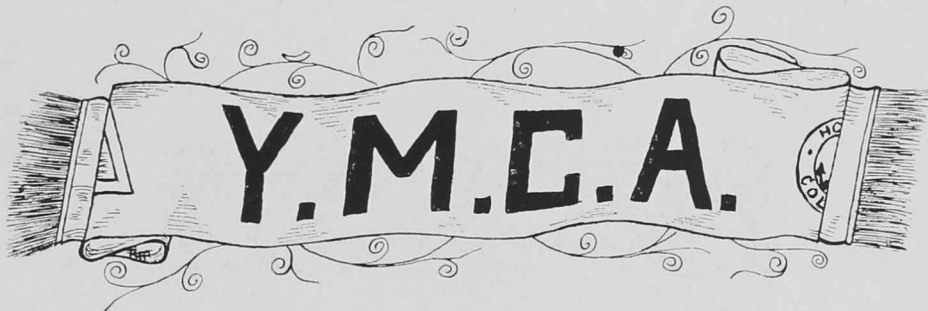
Officers

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| LAWRENCE W. JOHNSON | President |
| J. PAUL VISSCHER | Vice-President |
| EDWARD P. CATHCART | Secretary and Treasurer |



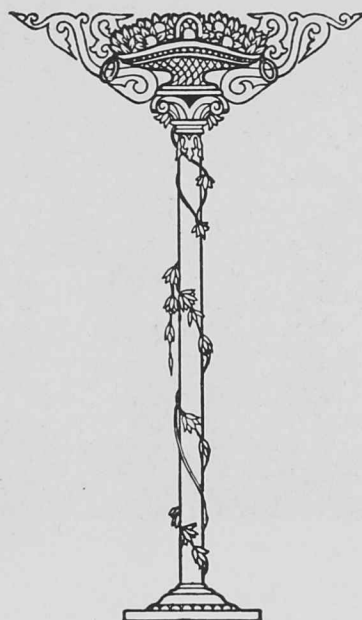
Jay M. Flipse John H. Karsten Paul Stegman Edward P. Cathcartt John E. Nienhuis
 Clayton W. Bazuin J. Paul Visscher Lawrence W. Johnson Gerard Raap Orren D. Chapman

John G. Gebhard	Cornelius R. Wierenga	Fred H. De Jong	Irwin J. Lubbers	Walter A. Scholten
John S. Moore	William H. Ten Haken	Frank De Roos	George Steinenger (Pres.)	Anthony Van Westenbureg



What Rembrandt is to the young artist, Handel to the musician, Tennyson to the poet—that the Y. M. C. A. is to the Hope man. It is his Mecca of inspiration. Every Tuesday night during the college year, one hour is set aside for inventory, rejuvenation of faith, and prayer. Experiences are exchanged, confessions made, resolves renewed,—in brief, we get a clearer vision of the Christ. Our complex student life offers many attractive side lines that would prove disastrous to the fellows, were it not for the counter influences of the Y. M. C. A. We like to attend these weekly sessions, because we are thrilled by that spiritual shock which keeps us alive from week to week.

S. '16.



The Y. W. C. A.

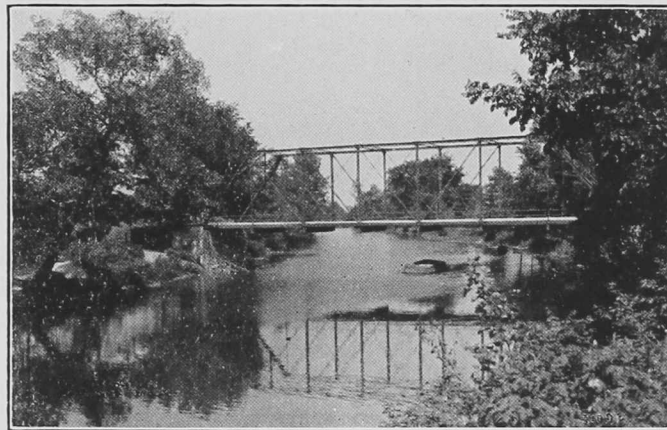


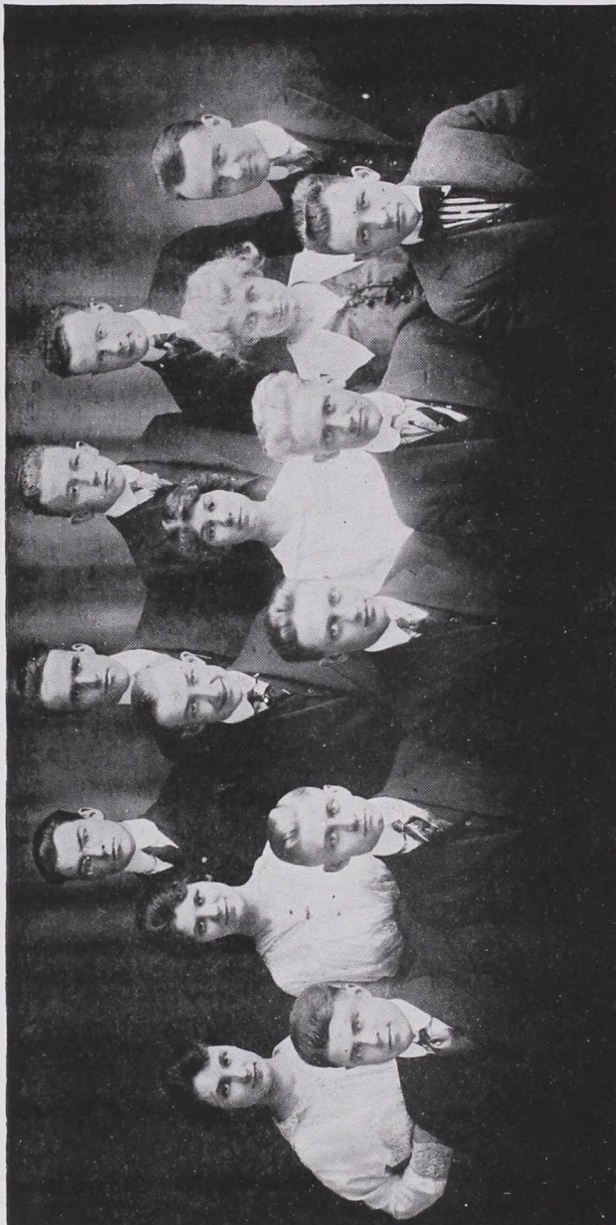
Henrietta N. Neerken Marie C. Haberman Nellie Snallegan Cornelia Leenhouts Amelia S. Menning
 Gertrude M. Stoketee Emma C. Hoekje Sarah Helene Trompen (Pres.) Henrietta M. Van Zee Muriel L. Fortune Eva W. Leenhouts



There is no doubt that the local Y. W. C. A. is one of the livest institutions on the campus. The Association has a membership of more than one hundred enthusiastic girls, who meet every Thursday afternoon for a quiet hour of devotion. The celebration of the National Jubilee, which was undertaken by the Association this year, showed how the Y. W. C. A. has flourished since its organization and what a vital part it plays in the life of every girl that comes to college with aims and purposes that are really worth while.

V. '17.





Leenhouts	Vos	Scholten	Visscher	Dosker	Post	Reese
		Blekkink	Karster	Bertsch	Van Vessem	
		De Boer	Hoffman	Potts	Brower	



The Anchor

Volume XXVIII

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, May 10, 1916

Number 28

Hope Wins Two National Contests

Stein Takes First in Final Inter-State

Harry Hoffs Wins \$500.00 Prize

Victories Culminate in Triumph Day Celebration

The students who went to give Stein and Prof. Nykerk a rousing send-off last Friday on their start for Fairfield, Ia., knew that Stein meant business, and was hot after first honors in the coming contest. And while we all had implicit faith in his abilities and determination, yet how many

Not quite a year ago Steininger wrote an oration entitled, "The Military Uniform and the Christian Tree." With this oration he won first place in by Prof. Nykerk, we find him next at the Raven Contest, which entitled him

grand "Hurrah" and incessant yelling for the orators who won such grand victories for Old Hope.

Suppose that a couple of fellows came up and told you that within a few hours the postman would bring you a check

Literary Department

Emerson, the Essayist

The period before the Civil War was characterized by strong intellectual tendencies, as well as political dissensions. The school of philosophy which occupied the thought of the leading thinkers of that time, known as transcendentalism, did not originate on American soil. In fact, it was a system which the ancients had antedated and which now, in the nineteenth century, found fertile ground in the spirit of liberty which had caused the American and French Revolutions. Altho transcendentalism

These exalted ideas, grouped around man and nature, Emerson has clothed, in an exquisite style. He possessed true eloquence in writing. His phrasal power was that of a master musician or rather a lyric poet. Because of the lofty subject matter and personal equipment his prose works savor of the poetical. His sentences are terse, vital, epigrammatic, suggestive. As Charles T. Congdon expressed it, they have an "indefinite charm of simplicity and wisdom," or in the phraseology of Lowell, "nothing is finer than the deliciousness of his phrase." His voice was large, abundant, esque war

The *Anchor* is the official organ of the students of Hope College. The management of the paper is controlled by the Anchor Association, of which every student subscriber is a member, and more directly by the board of editors and managers, elected by the association for a term of one year.

A few facts about the history of the *Anchor* may be of interest. Its first issue in June, 1887, contained twelve pages of literature, editorials, campus notes, and information about our alumni and sister colleges. In September, 1891, the department of "College Jottings," was added. In his remarks on the newly established department the editor says, "A good joke on a student printed in the paper serves to keep him under proper restraint." In 1894, E. D. Dimment, '96, issued a Commencement number of twenty-four pages. This example future editors followed. In March, 1898, appeared the first record of an oratorical contest which has since then become a large factor in our college life.

Until 1914, the *Anchor* was issued once a month. At that time a change was made, and ever since it has been issued weekly. That the change was beneficial is not to be doubted when one considers the increased interest taken in the paper by both students and alumni.

In the past the *Anchor* has played a very important part in the history of Hope College. Its improvements, though slow, have always been steady. Faithful work and loyal support are bound to make our paper of ever-increasing importance and interest.

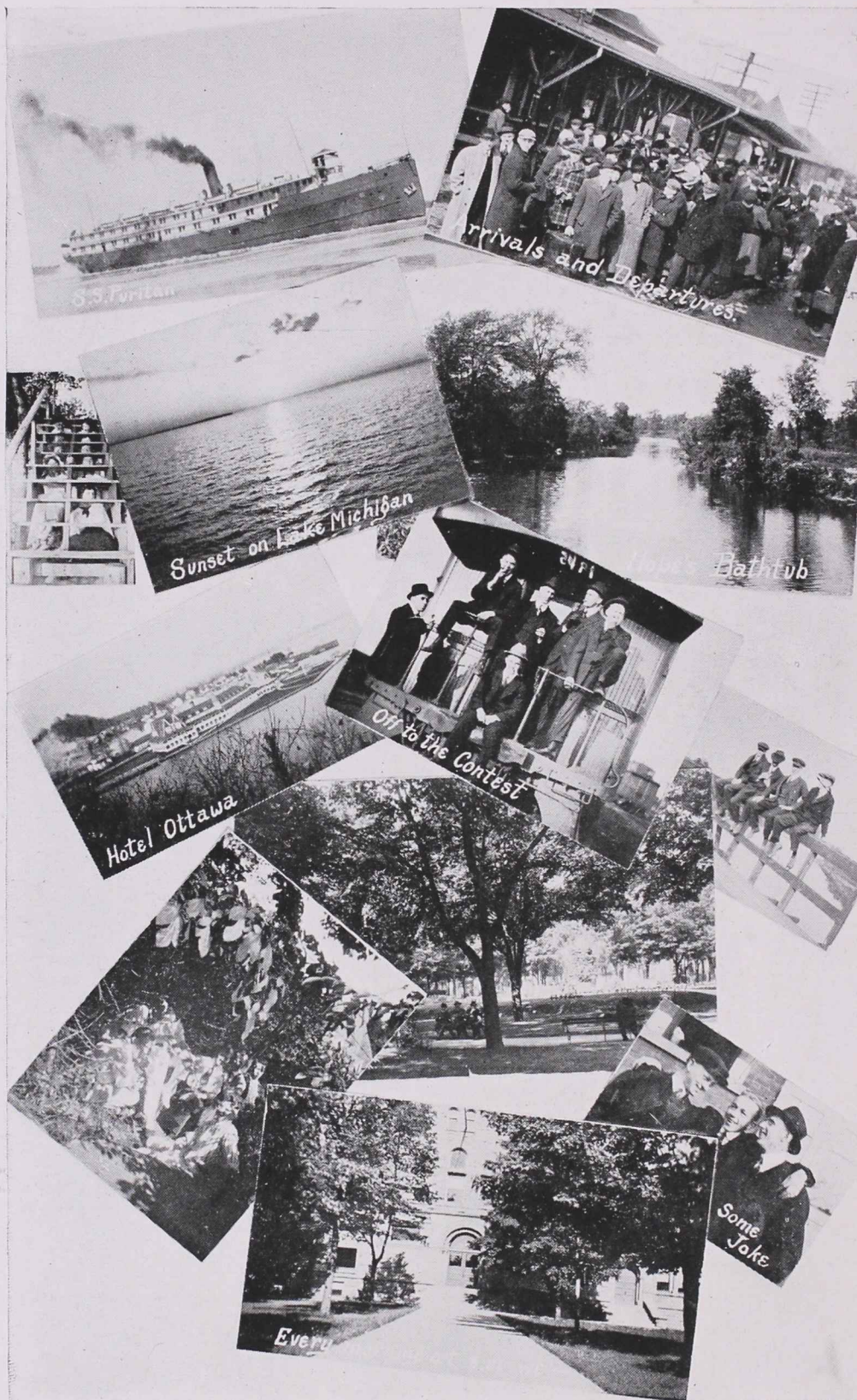
W. '17.

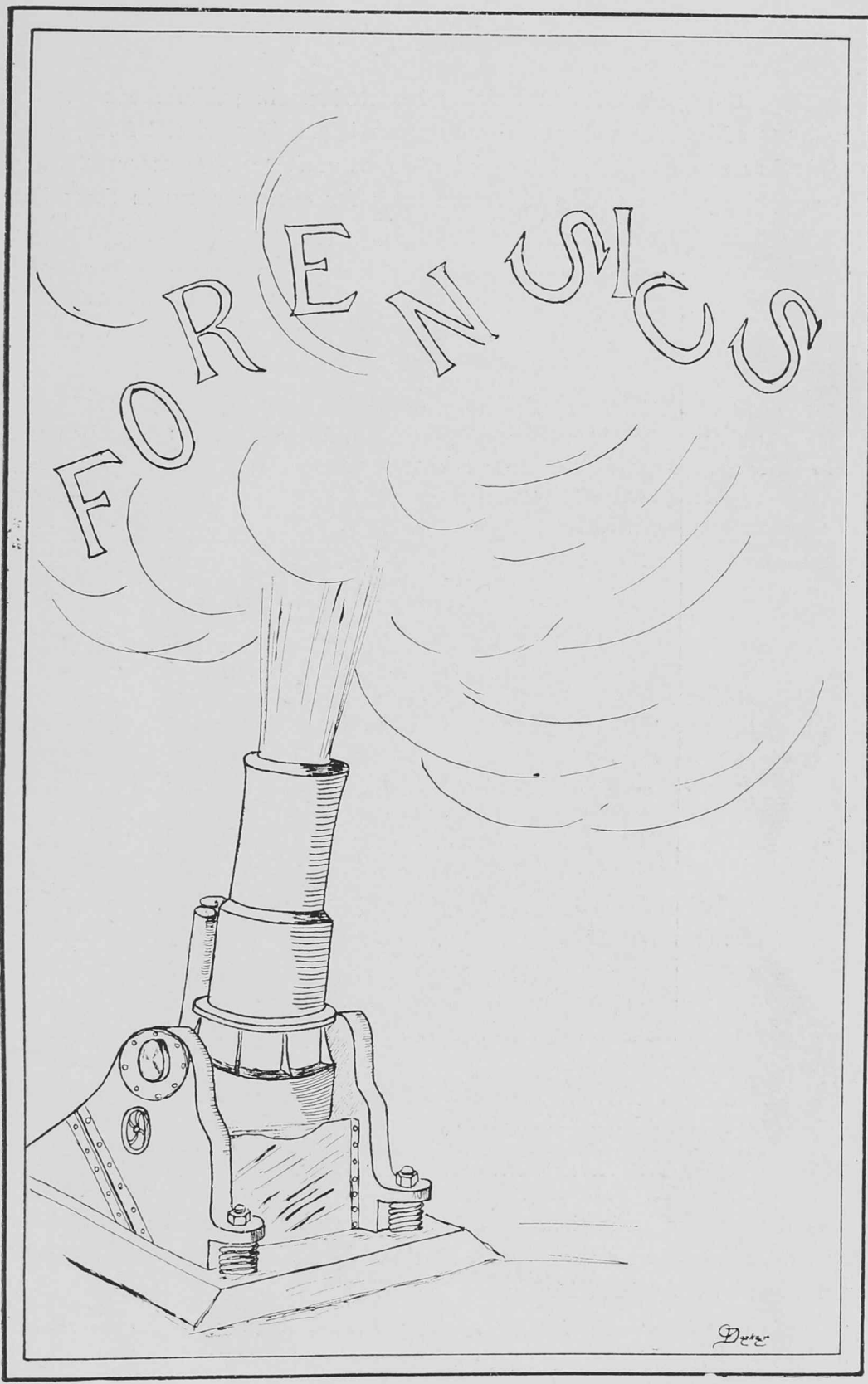
Board of Editors

G. MARVIN BROWER, '17.....	Editor-in-Chief
WALTER A. SCHOLTEN, '18.....	Associate Editor
SOPHIA VAN VESSEM, '17.....	Literary Editor
PAUL VISSCHER, '17, RUTH BLEKKINK, '17.....	Alumni Editors
WILLIS J. POTTS, '18, EVA W. LEENHOUTS, '17.....	Campus Editors
JACK KARSTEN, '18.....	Athletic Editor
D. G. DE BOER, '17.....	Exchange Editor
JAY M. DOSKER, '17, OLIVE BERTSCH, '19.....	Rapid Fire Editors

Business Department

MAX J. REESE, '17.....	Business Manager
FERDINAND VOSS, '18.....	Asst. Business Manager
J. E. HOFFMAN, '17.....	Subscription Manager
JOHN C. POST, '19.....	Asst. Subscription Manager





Oratory

Hope College believes in training her students in public speaking. The ability to address an audience with clearness, impressiveness, and force, is recognized as an essential in a career of all-round usefulness. Consequently, there is compulsory class work one hour a week for every student in the college.



GEORGE STEINENGER

First place Men's Contest, M. O. L., 1916.
First place Interstate Contest, 1916.
First place National Contest, 1916.

For those whose inclinations turn that way, there are private lessons and various prizes and contests. Through all these means strong speakers are developed and an enthusiasm for oratory is kindled.

It is on this broad training given to the many that Hope's oratorical merit and glory rest, rather than on the spectacular achievements of the few in the

field of intercollegiate contest. Yet the two are interdependent, and Hope's record in the latter is only a criterion of her effectiveness in the former.

That record is one of which Hopeites may well be proud. Our college is a charter member of the Michigan Oratorical League, which Prof. Nykerk helped to organize in 1897. In 1903, Michigan entered the Interstate Association; that year Abraham J. Muste took first for Hope in the State contest, and second in the Interstate event. In 1912 we entered the Ladies contest of the



ADRIANA S. KOLYN
Second place Ladies' Contest, M. O. L.
1916.

M. O. L., Miss Irene Staplekamp taking first. Beginning with that year, Hope's record has been particularly gratifying. Both last year and this the Men's contest was captured by our representatives, Cornelius Wierenga and George Steinenger respectively. The latter won a rank in the Divisional contest, earning the right to uphold Hope's banner in the final Interstate contest, at which he again achieved first honors. The significance of this is better appreciated when we realize that in this final contest, the best oratorical talent in 100 colleges and 12 universities was represented.



THEODORE F. ZWEMER
Second place State Prohibition Contest,
1916.

and Fred H. De Jong and Theodore F. Zwemer each took second in the Peace and Prohibition contests, respectively.

The greatest thing about Hope's good record in oratory is that it has constantly been growing better. This progress is partly due to the untiring efforts of Prof. Nykerk, whom we believe to be one of the best coaches in the Middle West, and partly to the intense earnestness and keen interest in oratory on the part of the student body. We trust that this enthusiasm will continue to flourish and result in still more glorious laurels for Hope.

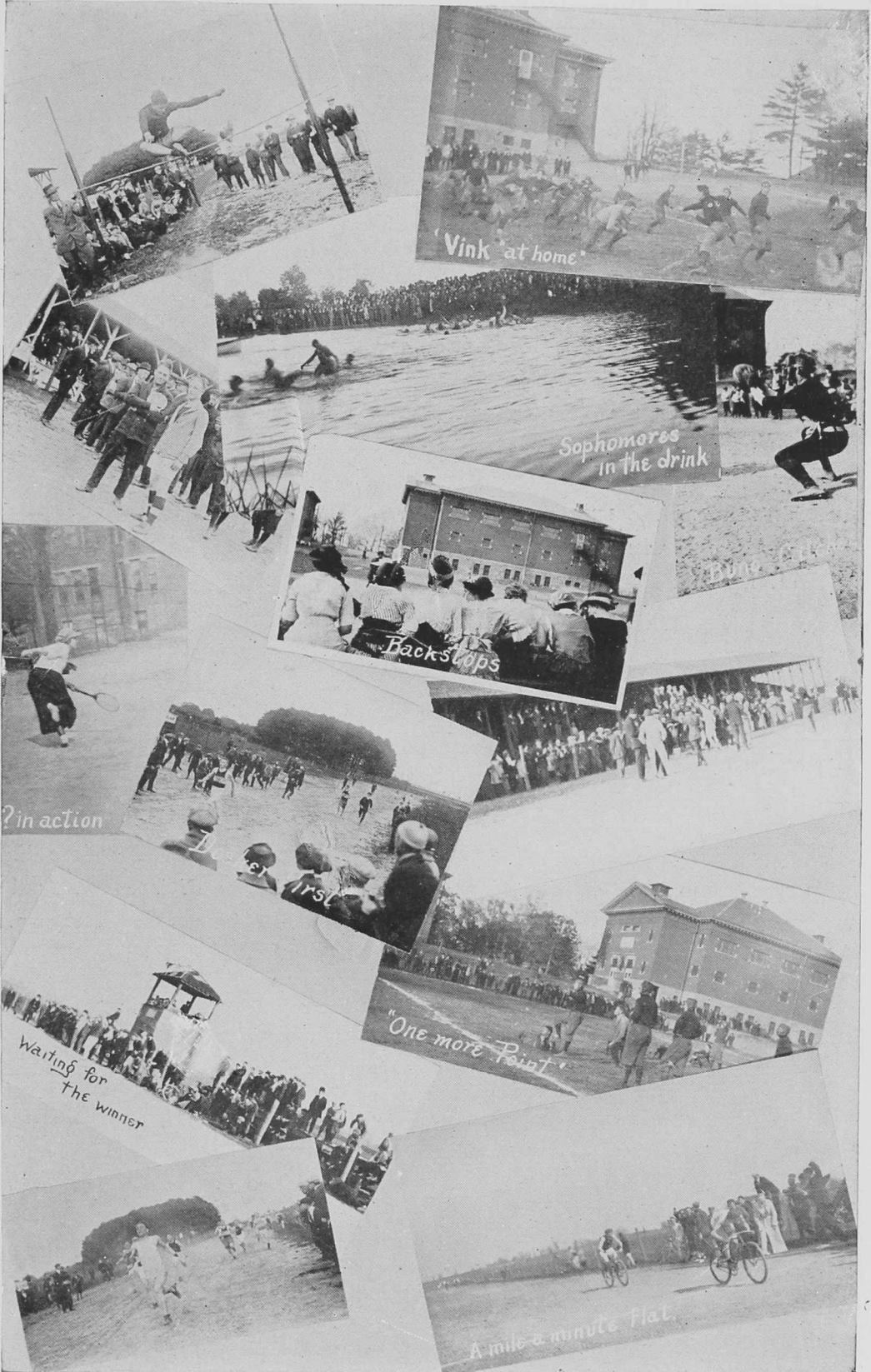
Z. '16.

We have also entered other contests. In 1913, we first sent a contestant to the Prohibition meet in the person of Henry Jacobs; he took first in both the State and Interstate, and second in the National. Last year, Irwin J. Lubbers again took first in the State, and second in the Interstate. In the State Prohibition contests no Hope man has, so far, fallen below second place. Last year Hope also entered the Peace contest and made in it a very good showing.

The results of the contests this semi-centennial year have been very gratifying. Besides Mr. Steinenger's successes, Miss Adriana S. Kolyn took second in the Ladies' contest,



FRED H. DE JONG
Second place State Peace Contest, 1916.



Debating

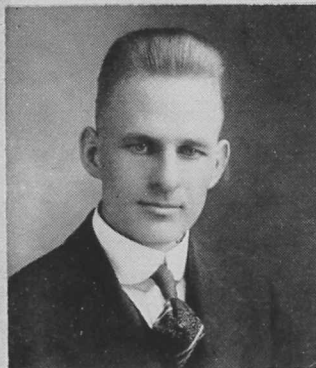
The department of debate in Hope's forensics, though not perhaps accorded as much recognition, is fully as important and deserving as the department of oratory. Hope College is a member of both the Alma-Olivet-Hope triangle established in 1907 and the Kalamazoo-Hillsdale-Hope triangle established in 1914. The ability to support both triangles has not been completely demonstrated as yet. However, the literary organizations on the campus afford a splendid medium for the development of debaters, and Hope has been victor in the majority of these forensic contests since the organization of State colleges into debating leagues. The several debating teams composed of three men each appear on the opposite page.

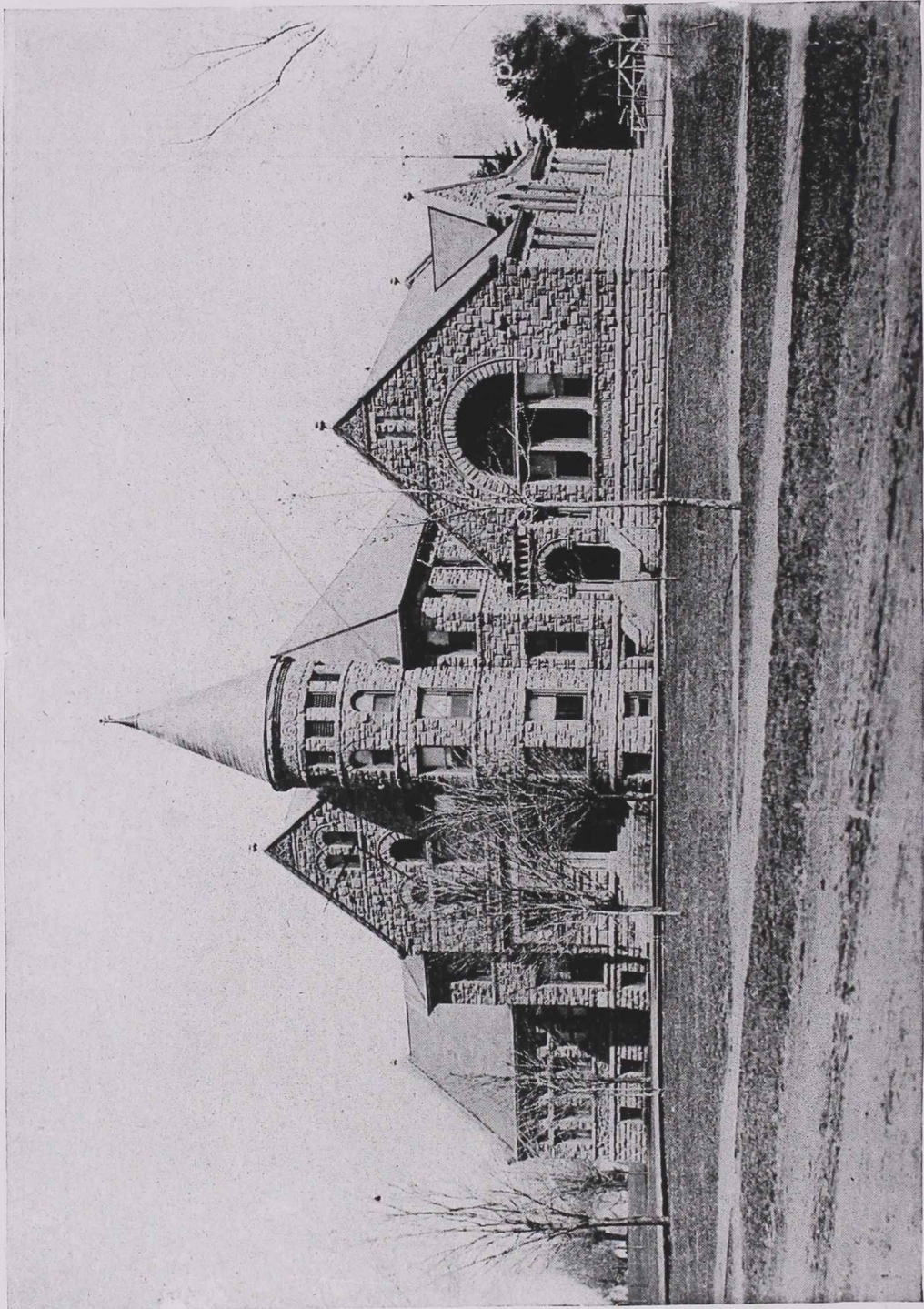
The officers of Hope's debating association:

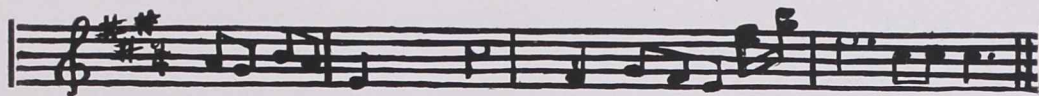
THEODORE H. ELFERDINK	President
HERMAN MAASEN	Secretary
M. EUGENE FLIPSE	Treasurer

The Debaters

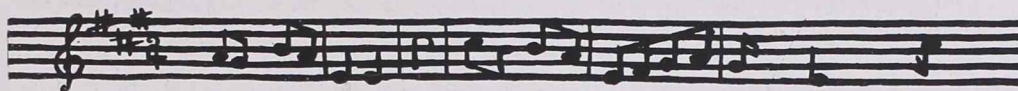
Theodore H. Elferdink, Jay M. Dosker, M. Eugene Flipse, Theodore F. Zwemer, Herman Maasen, Cornelius R. Wierenga, George F. Veenker, Paul Stegeman, Bernie Mulder, Fred H. De Jong, Irwin J. Lubbers, Henry Beltman.







Department of Music



Hope's music department is an important feature of the curriculum. Very competent instructors in each of the departments of piano and harmony, of Violin and of Voice attract large numbers of students from neighboring towns as well as from the city and college itself. The city of Holland is especially



PROF. JOHN B. NYKERK
Secretary of the College School of Music.

noted for its wealth of excellent musical talent, a fact which is due largely to the training received in the Hope College School of Music. The department was organized twelve years ago by Prof. John B. Nykerk, who is at present its secretary and manager.



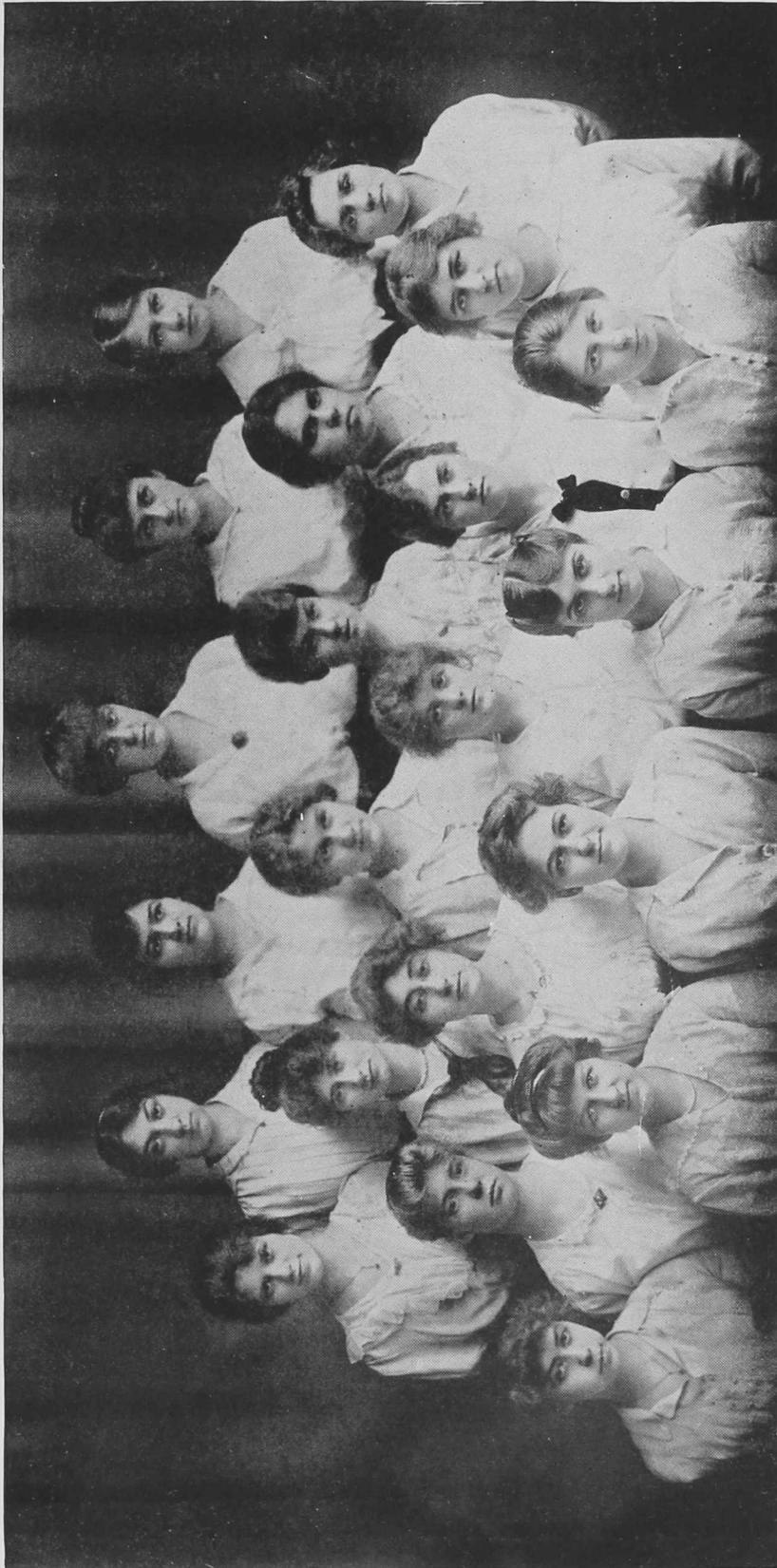
STANLEY DEACON
 Department of Voice



CLARA COLEMAN
 Department of Violin



OSCAR CRESS
 Department of Piano and Harmony



LADIES' GLEE CLUB

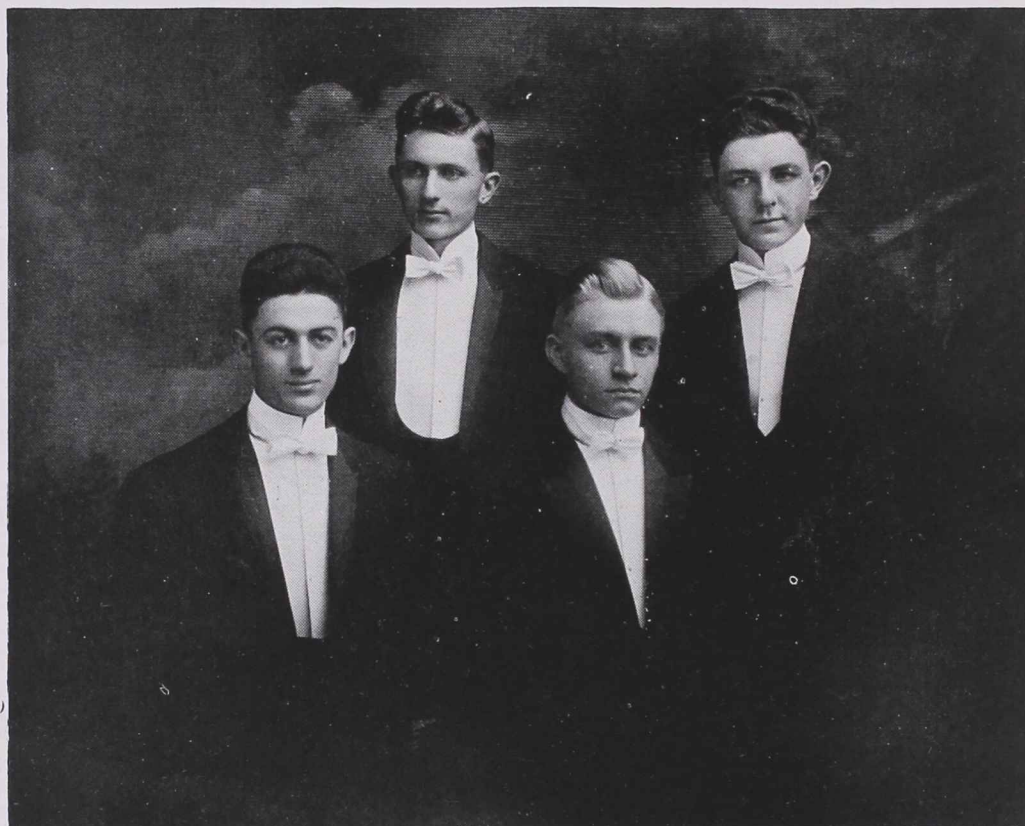


MEN'S GLEE CLUB



COLLEGE BAND

Knickerbocker Quartette



M. Jay Flipse Eugene M. Flipse Gerard Raap
Dowie G. De Boer

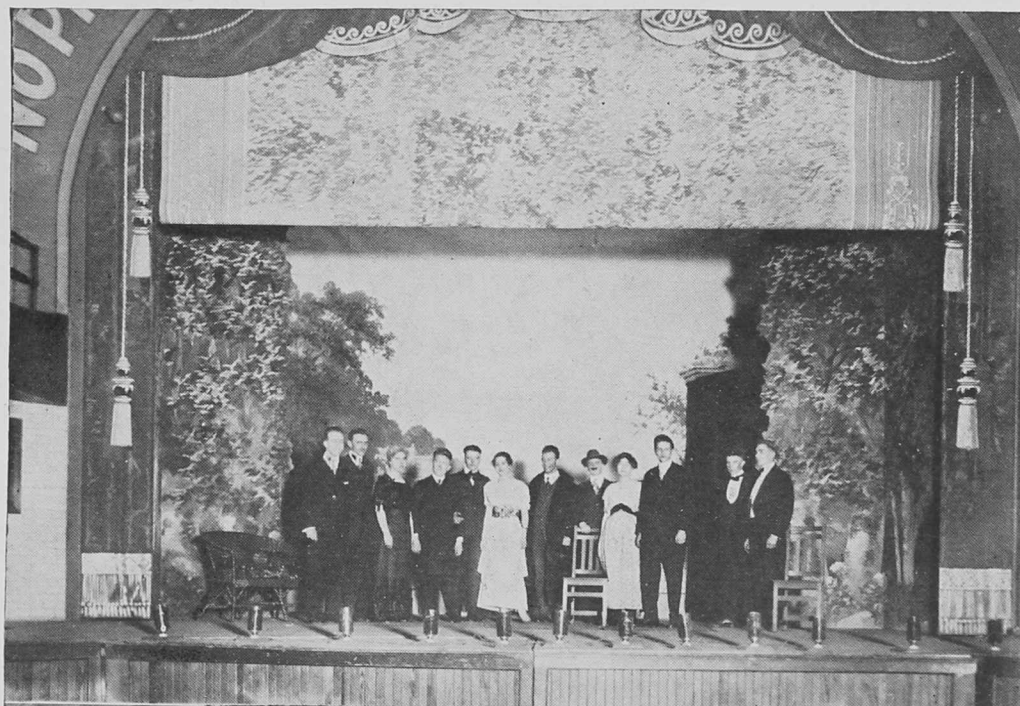
Dramatics

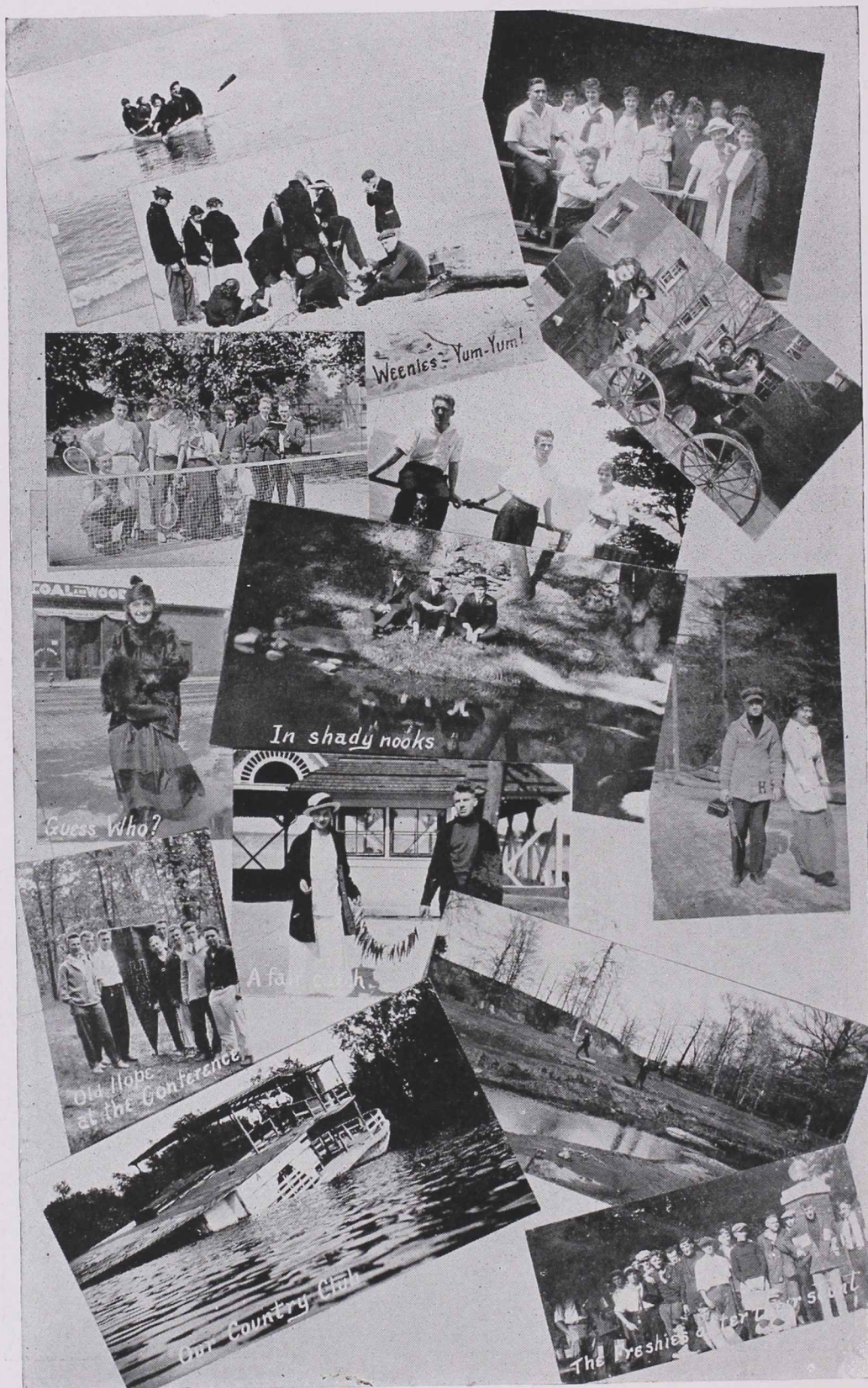
Dramatics at Hope College is limited to the Senior Class play, which is presented each year in early spring. The class of 1916 presented Booth Tarkington's "The Man From Home." The first performance on March 13th, was so entirely successful that the class decided to repeat it, and two weeks later the play was again given. Hope College surely felt most highly honored by the visit of such nobility as The Grand Duke Vasili, The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, The Earl of Hawcastle, Comtesse de Champigny, and Lady Creech; but we were very proud of our own Americans, "The Man From Home," and his ward, Ethel Granger Simpson, and her brother. The entire cast was a credit to the class, and each character was particularly well suited for his part.

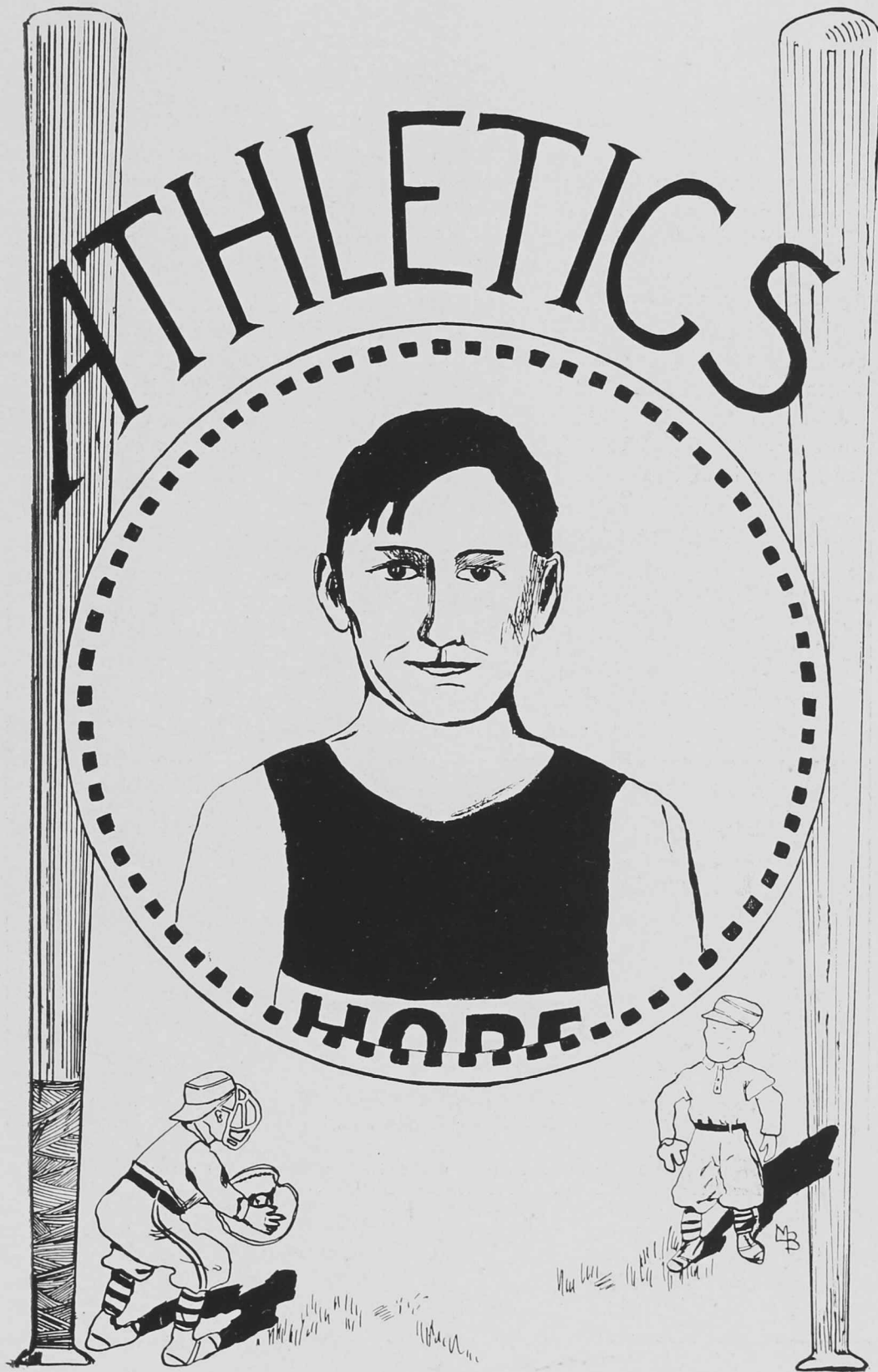
Dramatis Personae

Daniel Vorhees Pike (The Man From Home)	Harris M. Meyer
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch	John G. Gebhard
The Earl of Hawcastle	Henry Beltman
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn	George A. Pelgrim
Ivanhoff	Arthur C. Cloetingh
Horace Granger Simpson	M. Eugene Flipse
Ribiere	Theodore H. Elferdink
Mariano	Lawrence W. Johnson
Michele	G. Henry O. Hospers
Ethel Granger Simpson	Frances M. Bosch
Comtesse de Champigny	Sara A. Winter
Lady Creech	Janette Mulder

V. '16.







Junior Football Team

Football, the great college game, is frowned upon by the authorities and, consequently, this great pastime is not indulged in to any very large extent by the students of Hope College. Inter-class games, however, arouse an abundance of enthusiasm and by keeping interest in the sport alive among the studentry, it is hoped constituency and authority may sometime become reconciled to the pigskin and gridiron contests.

In the inter-class league of the past year, the Junior class team carried off the first honors, although closely pressed by the Freshmen. Hope College possesses a wealth of football material, and it is a great pity that it must go to waste. We trust, however, that this condition will not remain forever and that some day Hope will be able to contend with the other colleges of the State for honors in football.

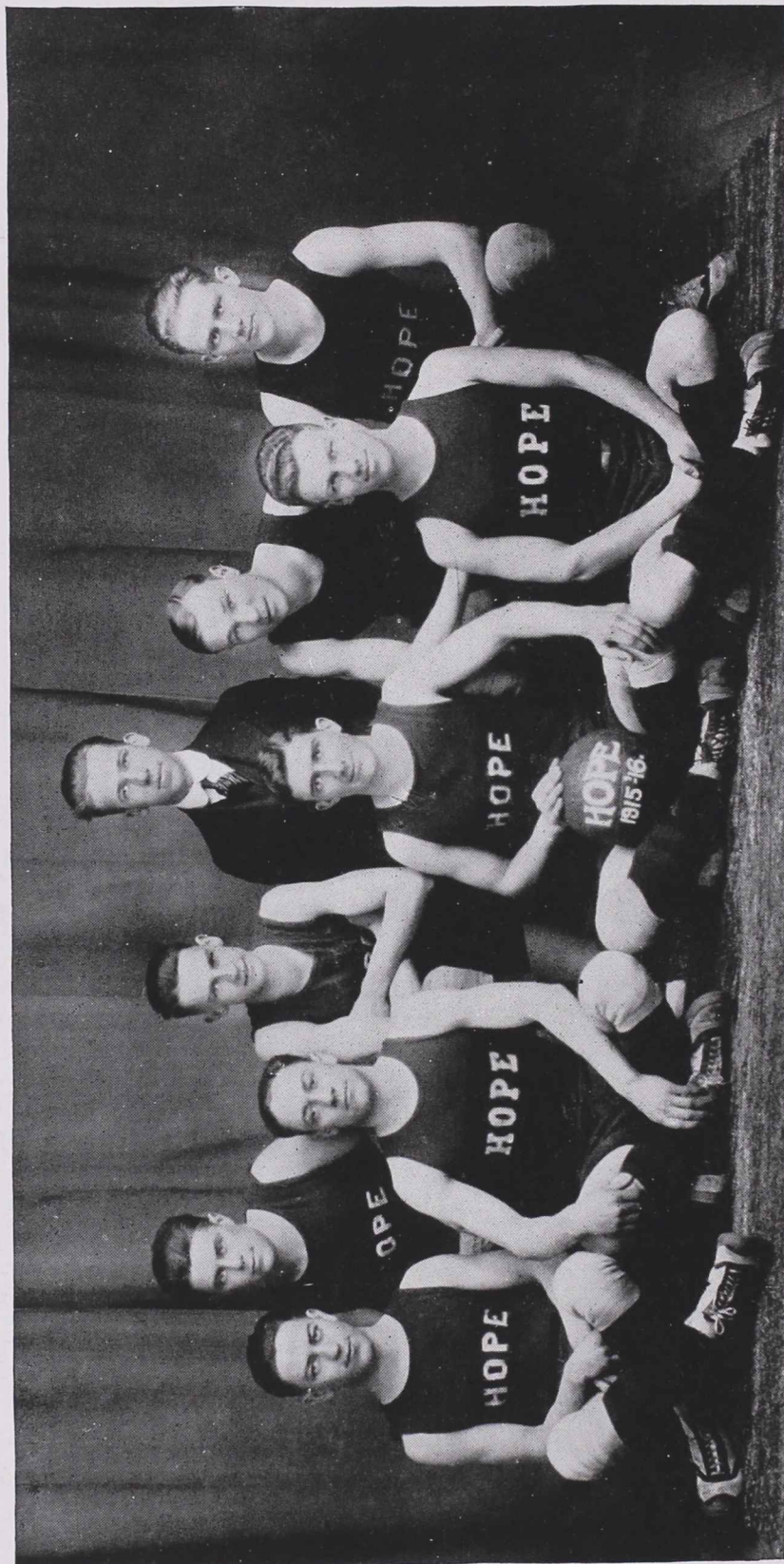


Van Dyke	Stegeman	Van Putten (Capt.)	Luidens	Brower	Mulder
Van Der Meer	Ten Haken	Potgeter	Wierenga	Dosker	Reese - Dalman

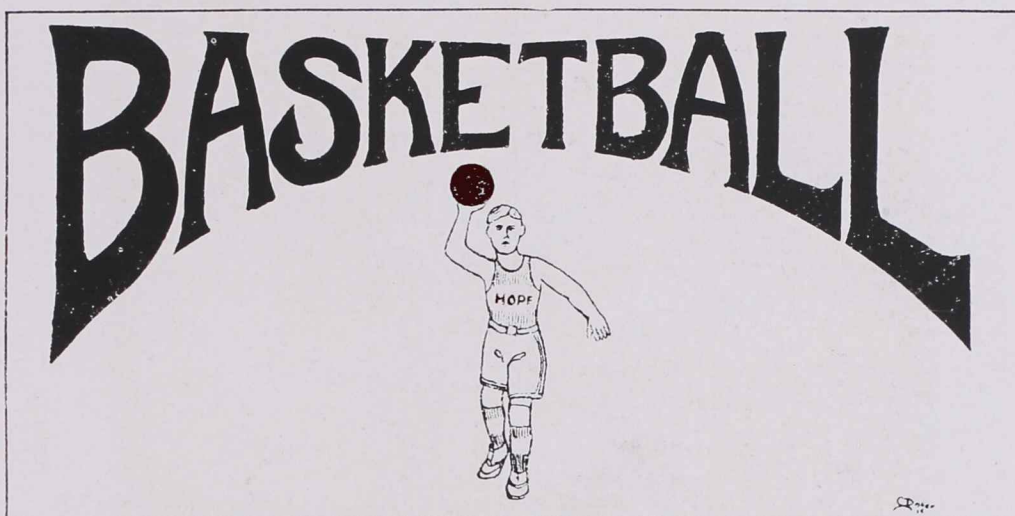
FOOTBALL



HOW LONG?



Vos	Pelgrim (Mgr.)	Veenker	P. Prins
Van Putten	T. Prins (Capt.)	Gebhard	



Basketball continues to be the leading sport in Hope College. The best equipped gymnasium in the State is located on our own campus, and because of its splendid facilities, and the opportunities offered to learn the game, Hope ranks among the highest in the country in this line of sport.

Each year sees a better team, and our reputation is such that not only the leading teams of the State, but those from surrounding States are eager to battle with us for supremacy. Year after year Hope College has laid claim to the championship title of the State of Michigan.

The season of 1915-1916 was most successful, and although the State title went to another, we are proud of our team and its splendid record. A total of 468 points was run up, to 365 by opposing teams. Hope won ten out of seventeen games, the schedule being the hardest ever offered to a college team. Several games were lost by margins of 2, 4, and 6 points.

Van Putten, right forward, was the chief point-getter for Hope, caging 70 field baskets and 32 baskets from the foul line, for a total of 172 counts. Veenker, Hope's bright star right guard, follows with 45 field goals and 32 baskets from the foul line, for a total of 113 counts. P. Prins follows with a total of 55 points, Van Tongeren with 40, T. Prins with 35, Dalman with 30, W. Stegeman with eight and Gebhard with 4.

One accident marred the season. Fred Vos, noted for his stellar defensive playing, suffered a broken ankle in the game at Mt. Pleasant on February 11th.

Only two members of this year's team graduate, and the outlook for the coming season is exceptionally promising.

The schedule and results:

AT HOME		ABROAD	
Dec. 10	Hope 61—G. R. Wolverines 12	Dec. 28	Hope 26—Traverse City 30
Dec. 17	Hope 24—Mt. Pleasant Normals 20	Dec. 29	Hope 32—Ludington 17
Jan. 17	Hope 31—Muskegon Normals 16	Jan. 1	Hope 12—G. R. Y. M. C. A. 11
Jan. 7	Hope 31—Muskegon Normals 16	Jan. 14	Hope 20—M. A. C. 14
Jan. 19	Hope 14—Illinois A. C. 35	Feb. 10	Hope 36—Alma College 29
Jan. 26	Hope 21—Kalamazoo College 24	Feb. 11	Hope 21—Mt. Pleasant 27
Feb. 4	Hope 19—M. A. C. 21	Feb. 15	Hope 27—Kalamazoo Normals 24
Feb. 23	Hope 18—G. R. Y. M. C. A. 15	Mar. 2	Hope 19—Kalamazoo College 35
Mar. 10	Hope 55—Timken Roller Club, Detroit 8	Mar. 4	Hope 21—Hillsdale College 27
			D. '17.



Pelgrim (Manager) W. Koppelaar De Boer Belknap
 Huntley Stegeman (Captain) Beltman Johnson
 Yonkman Miller Vos De Roos

TRACK

Track work, up to this time one of the minor branches of athletics in our college, is rapidly coming into its own and, with the advent of a coach, will next season take its due place as a major sport. That we have the material in Hope College for a splendid track team, no one who has been watching the steady advance in this line from year to year can doubt. It only needs the assistance of an efficient coach to bring out its dormant possibilities, and then we shall have a track team that will uphold the honor of the Orange and Blue against all opponents.

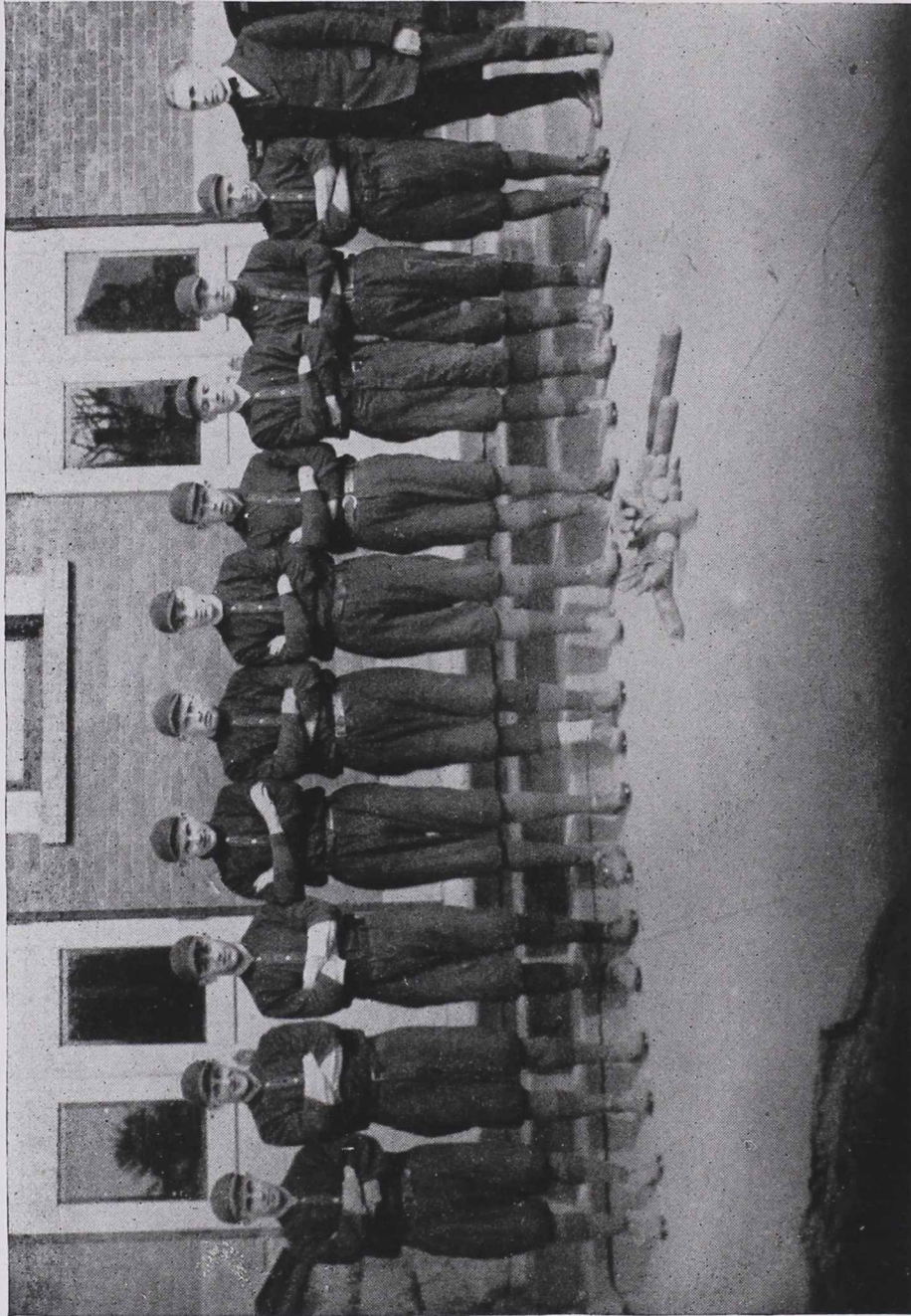
This season a three-man team sent to the first Intercollegiate meet held at M. A. C., April 27, took 6 points, J. Elting and Captain Stegeman taking 2nd places in the 100-yd. and 880-yd. dashes, respectively. In the Grand Rapids *Herald's* Modified Marathon (the first ever staged in Michigan), the two brothers W. and P. Koppensaal took 4th and 7th places, respectively, against a field of 15 entries. The annual Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A.-Hope 30-mile relay occurs in May. This will be the 8th annual race, Hope having won 4 times, and Grand Rapids Y. having 3 victories to its credit. This year a dual meet with Mount Pleasant Normal has been scheduled. Late in May, the annual cross-country run between Hope, Muskegon, and Grand Rapids Y., for the Holland Perpetual Trophy takes place. This year, too, a team will represent Hope in the Michigan Invitation Field Meet.

The last event of the year is the Inter-class Field Meet for the P. S. Boter trophy, staged on the college athletic field. Rivalry to win this trophy always runs high, and the contest, this year, promises to be a strenuous one.

S. '17.

Winners of the class trophy in past years were:

	CLASS OF
1910	'13
1911	'14
1912	'15
1913	'14
1914	'17
1915	'17
1916	'17



H. Hoeven E. Hoeven Van Putten (Capt.) Nykamp Bouwknecht Heemstra De Jongh Vandermeer Steketee Van Zyl Johnson, Mgr.



Baseball enthusiasm is often lacking in colleges, because football is the great major sport, but the Hopeites have had no opportunity to show enthusiasm for football, and hence always have a great deal of "pep" left to support the national game.

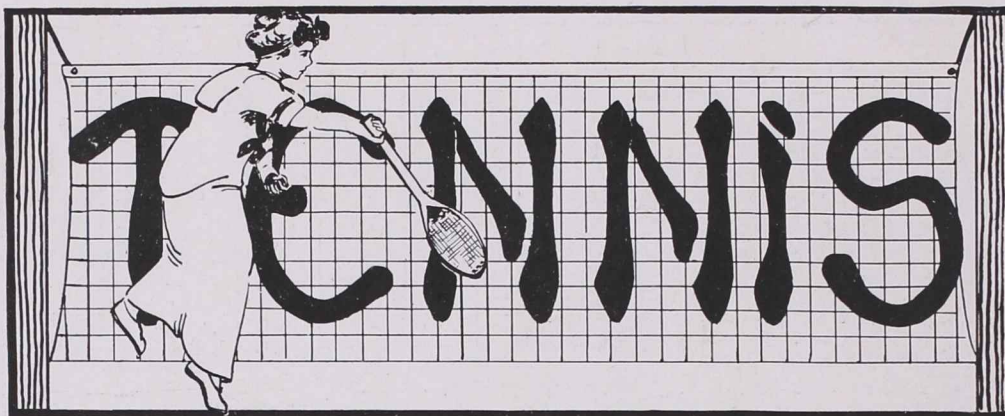
As soon as the puddles on the athletic field were dried up, about twenty-five baseball aspirants answered Captain Van Putten's summons for recruits. After that day, whenever the fates were propitious and allowed the sun to shine, the boys were busy working for their favorite positions and a fast team was soon rounded into shape. Six of last year's men were again in the line-up, while the addition of four Freshmen seemed to be a very valuable asset and very promising for exceptionally strong teams in the future.

J. '16.

Record of 1916

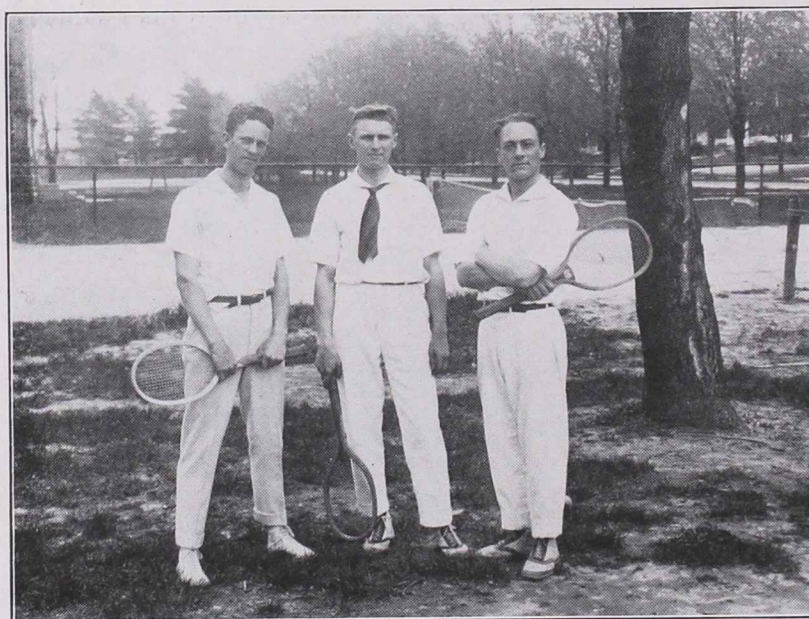
Kalamazoo Normal	4	Hope	3
Ferris Institute	6	Hope	11
Holland High School	4	Hope	7
Mount Pleasant Normal	1	Hope	3
Zeeland Independents	0	Hope	2
Holland Y. M. C. A.	1	Hope	6
Ferris Institute	9	Hope	8

(10 innings)



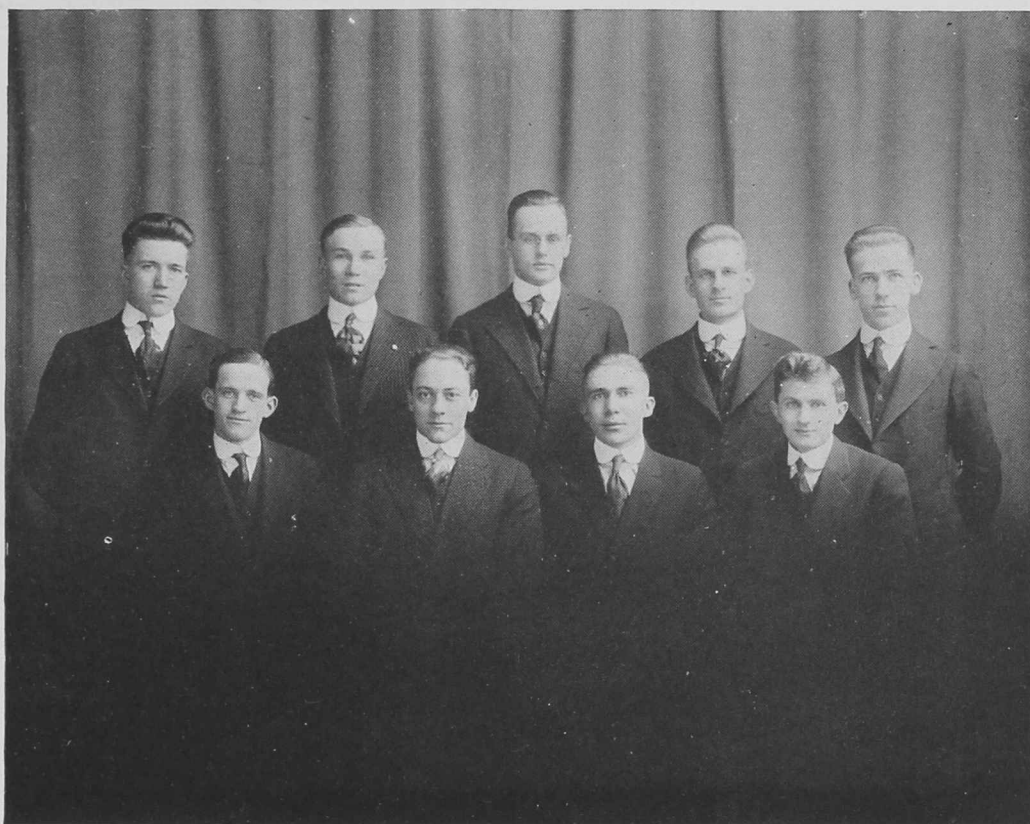
During the last two years the students have shown an interest in tennis rivaling that of baseball and basketball. This is due in part to the fact that football is discouraged—intercollegiate football even forbidden—but more directly to the increased number of courts. Not only does this branch of athletics find its support in the men of the school, but co-eds too are among the liveliest enthusiasts.

Until the year 1914 tennis was considered a minor sport and of little importance, there being but one court for the entire student body. In that year occurred the Renaissance of tennis at Hope College. Through the gracious donation of one of our loyal alumni, Mr. C. Dosker of Grand Rapids, Mich., the



college campus now boasts of three splendid, well-taped, first-class tennis courts. Interest is further aroused by annual tournaments in which any student is allowed to compete. Gold and silver medals are awarded to the winners.

D. '17.

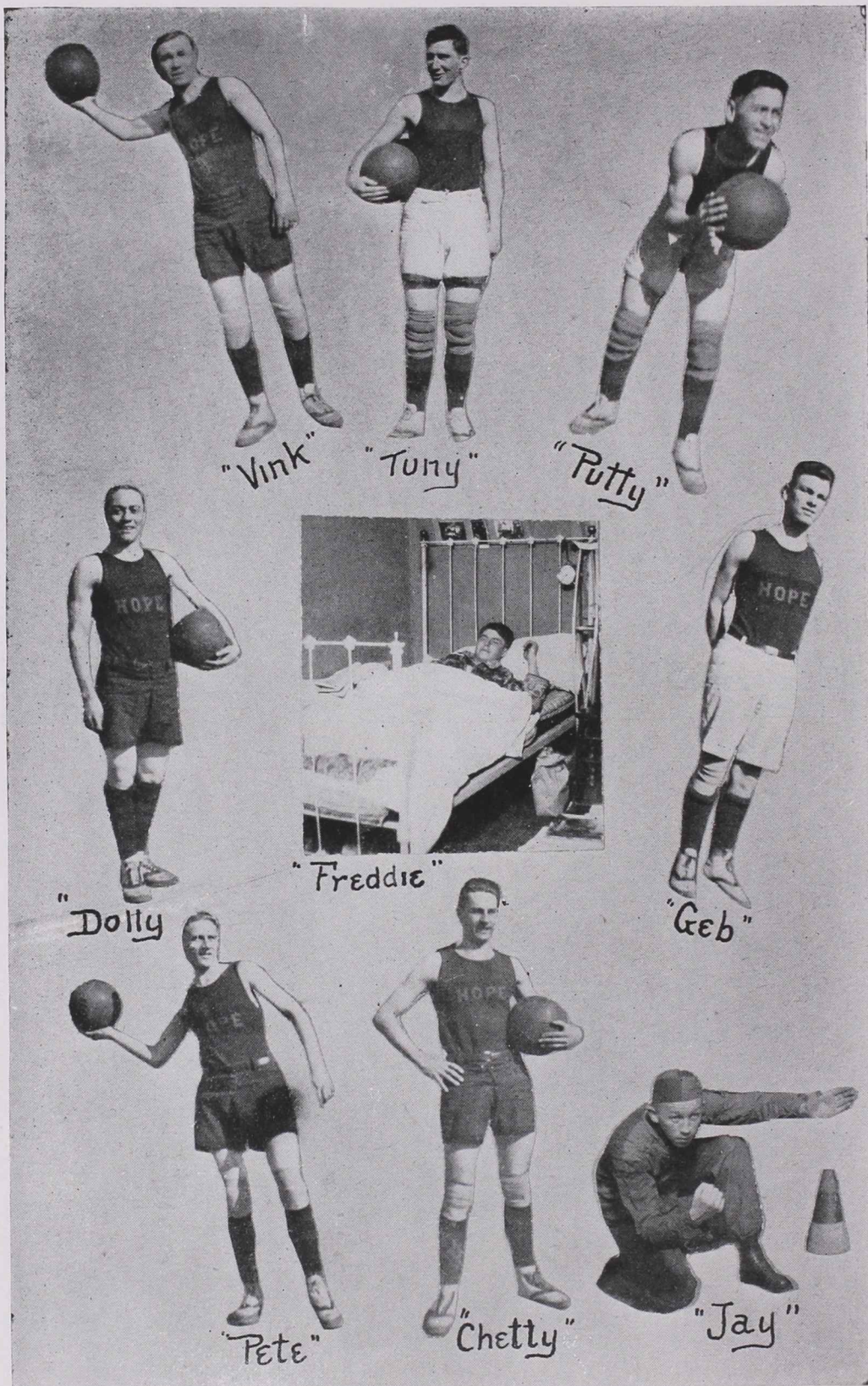


The Athletic Board

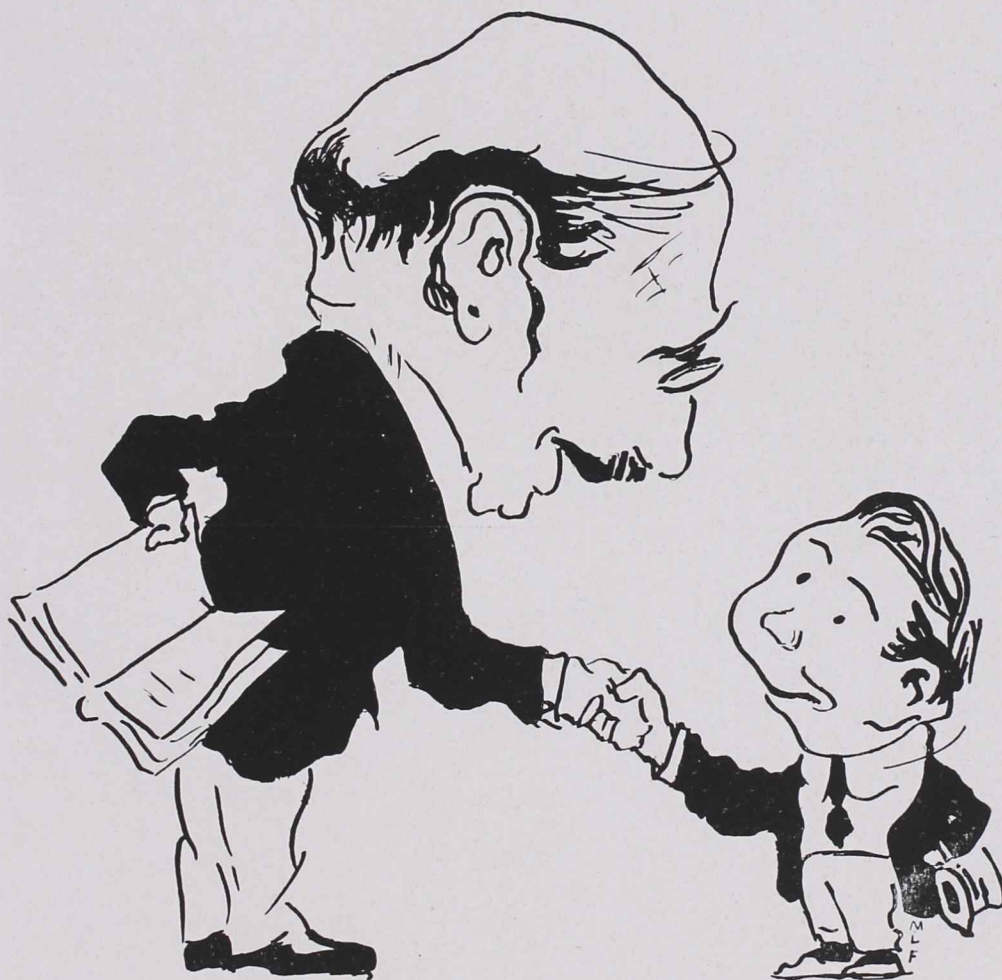
Officers

IRWIN J. LUBBERS	Assistant Basketball Manager
GEORGE F. VEENKER	Football Manager
ANTHONY VAN WESTENBURG	Secretary
FRED H. DE JONG	Director
GEORGE A. PELGRIM	Basketball Manager
BRUNO H. MILLER	Tennis Manager
LAWRENCE G. DALMAN	Track Manager
LAWRENCE W. JOHNSON	Baseball Manager
M. EUGENE FLIPSE	Treasurer

The Athletic Board is the official body of the Hope College Athletic Association. It is composed of a director and the managers of the various departments of athletic endeavor, and a secretary and treasurer. This body governs all sporting activities and conducts the various inter-class contests. The Athletic Board is in turn subject to the Board of Control of Athletics, composed of two Faculty men, one local alumnus, and two Senior students.



PREPS





Preparatory Roll

A CLASS

Tunis Baker
Marie Bolks
Angeline Broekstra
Bert Brower
Frances Brower
Christine Cappon
Anna De Goede
Anthony Engelsman
Norah Feyen
Julius Gebhard

Lawrence Hamburg
Julia Hoekje
Lillian Hoffman
Wm. Jansma
Harold Karsten
Julia Kleinheksel
Emil Koster
Alice Nyboer
Hattie Nyland
Paul Oltman

Abraham Rhynbrandt
Jennie Spaman
Harold Sy Wassink
Jurry Van Ark
Albert Nan Nedereynen
Ray Van Zoeren
George Warnshuis
Chester Westveer
John Wierda
Edward Wolters

B CLASS

Raymond Begg
Martha Bos
William Brink
Bertha Brower
Gerrit Danhoff
Nettie De Groot
Marvin Hoffman
Anna Holkeboer
Francis Ihrman
Rensie Joldersma
Johanna Keizer

Alexander Klooster
Laura Lemmen
Gladys Maatman
Gerald Mokma
Henry Pas
Janet Pieters
Theodora Poppen
Dena Rinck
Gustave Rinck
Harry Schipper
Ernest Vanden Bosch

Walter Vander Haar
Donald Vanderwerp
Morris Van Kolken
Helene Van Raalte
Sara Veldman
Benjamin Veltman
Henry Warnhuis
Deane Weersing
George Zust
Winifred Zwemer

C. CLASS

Manilla Andrews
Harold Arink
Stanley Bolks
Jack Boon
Richard Bultman
Winfield Burggraaff
Theodore Eefting
Ivan Flipse
Marvin Fokkert
Jeanette Hoffman
Helen Hoffmeyer

Raymond Hopkins
Mary Illg
Gertrude Kleinheksel
Harvey Kleinheksel
Frances Kooiker
Anthony Meengs
Gertrude Mulder
Rendert Muller
Elsa Petterson
Alyda Prins
Clarissa Riddering

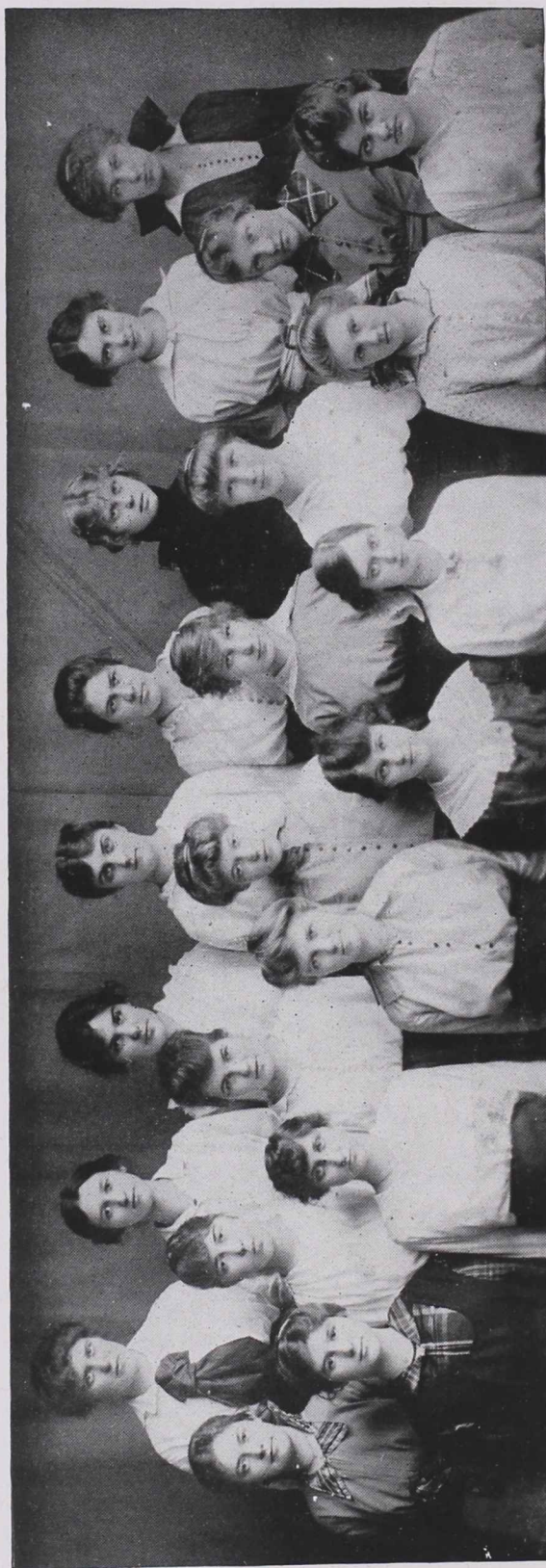
John Vance Rooks
Jacob Schepel
Stanley Schipper
Harry Schipper
Arthur Ter Kurst
Henry Tysse
Elizabeth Vander Veere
John Woldring
Theodore Yntema

D. CLASS

Gertrude Althuis
Henrietta Althuis
Marinus Arnoys
Willard Bloemendal
Mary Boer
Arthur Broekstra
Gladys Bultman
Theodore Cook
Helene De Goed
William De Ruiter
Julius Deters
Adelaide De Vries
Thomas De Vries

Clarence Dykhuis
Homer Feyen
Irene Haan
Hiliennus Hoeksema
Stanley Huyser
Gerald Immink
Alfred Joldersma
Ester Koops
Nellie Koppenal
Nellie Lam
Clarence Laman
Henry Luidens
Gordon Nykerk

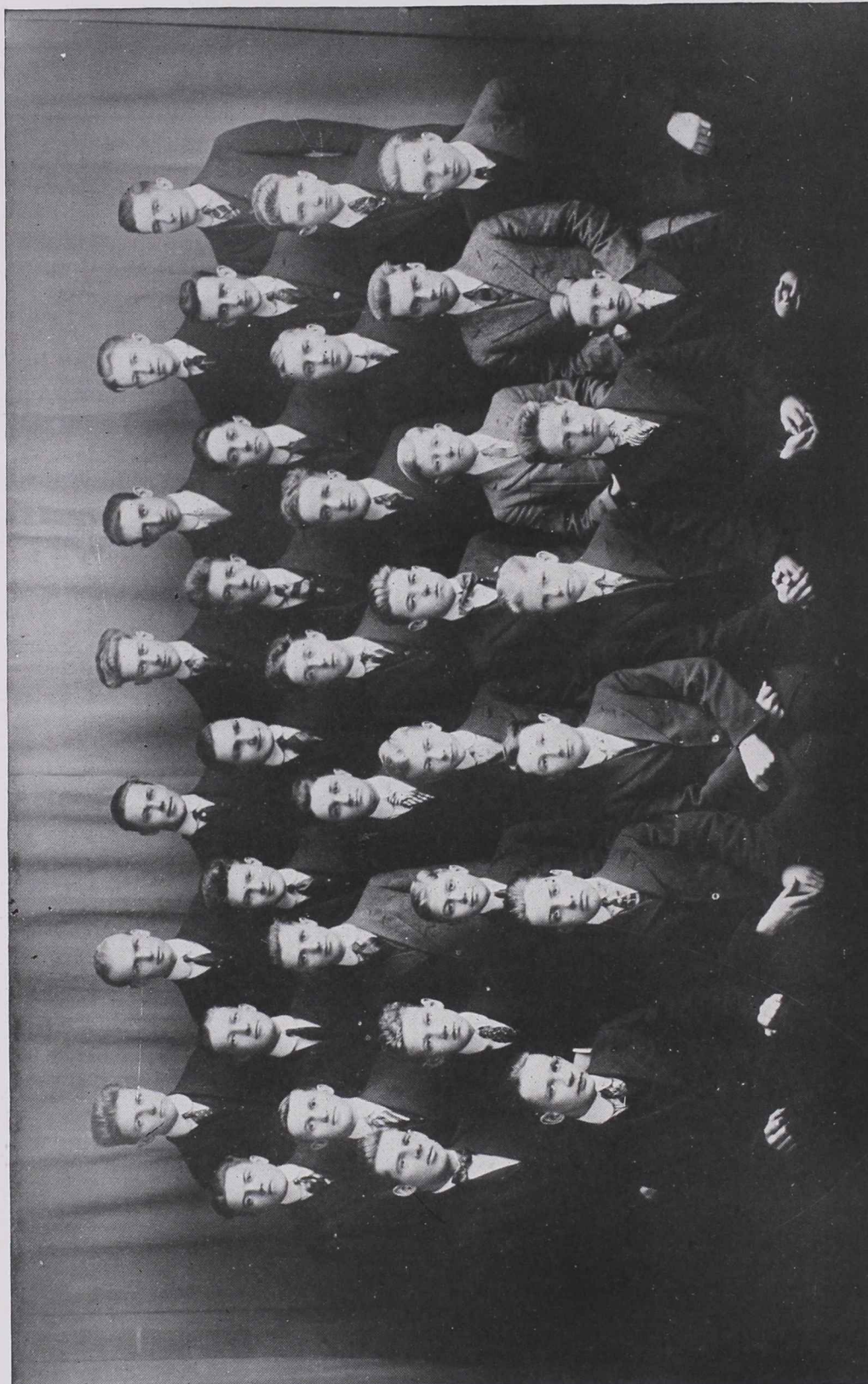
John Ruissard
Cornelius Standard
Judson Staplekamp
Garrett Sterenberg
Maynard Temple
Herman Terborg
Cornelius Van Beek
Maurice Vander Haar
Jennie Van Dyk
Peter Van Dyk
Kathryn Weersing
Arthur Workman
Amanda Zwemer



Dena Rinck	Anna DeGoede	Marie Bolks	Helene Van Raalte	Dena Weersing	Kathryn Weersing	Winifred Zwemer	Mary Boer
Theodora Poppen	Alyda Prins	Bertha Slood	Angeline Broekstra	Sarah Veldman	Christine Cappon	Bertha Brower	
Gertrude Pieters	Jennie Van Dyke	Alice Nyboer	Laura Lemmen	Elizabeth Van Der Veere	Amanda Zwemer	Adelaide De Vries	



Clarissa Riddering	Nora Feyen	Jennie Spaman	Jannette Kooiker	Anna Holkeboer	Hattie Nyland
Johanna Keizer	Mary Ilg	Esther Kooops	Elsa Patterson	Julia Hoekje	Martha Bos
		Julia Kleinheksel	Gertrude Kleinheksel	Gertrude Mulder	Gladys Maatman



The Meliphone

Before Hope College came into being, and when Holland Academy was still in its infancy, a society was organized that was destined to wield an influence in the lives of its members to a greater degree than its founders ever dreamed of. This was the Meliphone Society. With Rev. John Van Vleck as their first president, a small body of students laid the foundation, and from that time the Meliphone has continued to grow and prosper. It has not only been of great literary value to its members, but it has also been the means by which many students, coming directly from farm and rural school, have lost all the shyness and awkwardness of the backwoods, and become well polished in manners and speech. Many of its alumni now hold prominent positions in the intellectual and business world, due to a great extent, to the training which they received in this society.

The object of the Meliphone is the improvement of its members in composition, declamation, oratory, and debate, and the development of a feeling of friendship and good-will among the students. One great aim of the society has been to maintain a spirit of unity and co-operation. Members come from all parts of the country, and a cosmopolitan spirit has ever manifested itself during the society's fifty-nine years of existence, a spirit that remains to the present day.

A great deal of time and effort is expended on the annual program given in June of each year. It is on this occasion that the benefits of the society are best displayed, and the appreciation shown by a critical public is sufficient proof that the Meliphonians' efforts have yielded a rich harvest. Those who do the best work during the year are generally selected for places on the program, and in this way a great deal of friendly rivalry is aroused among the members.

The Meliphonians have a hall of their own, the appearance of which is maintained with an abundance of pride. By donations from alumni and by its own endeavors, the furnishings of the hall have been greatly improved so that today it can boast of having a home that is on a par with those of the college societies.

If the present increasing influence of the Meliphone Society may serve as a standard by which to judge its future, we may look forward to a greater Meliphone in years to come. Forty-nine years of unbroken progress offer a challenge to the noblest qualities in every Meliphonian, and the deepest consecration and loyalty will ever respond to meet it.

B. Prep. '16.

Tunis Baker
Jack Boon
Bert Brower
Leroy Damhoff
William De Ruiter
Theodore Eefting
Anthony Engelsman
Julius Gebhard
Lawrence Hamburg
Francis Ihrman
William Jansma
Alfred Joldersma
Harvey Kleinheksel

Harold Karsten
Clarence Laman
Henry Luidens
Anthony Meengs
Paul Oltmans
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Abraham Rhynbrandt
Harry Schipper
Stanley Schipper
Judson Staplekamp
Garrett Sterenberg
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Herman Ter Borg
Henry Tysse
Jurry Van Ark
Ernest Van Den Bosch
Morris Van Kolken
Albert Van Nederynen
Benjamin Veltman
Chester Westveer
John Wierda
Edward Walters
Theodore Yntema
George Zust





The Book of Words of

THE PAGEANT OF HOPE

Presented by

The Student Body of Hope College

on the occasion of the Semi-centennial Celebration.

Sponsored by the Class of 1916

ON THE CAMPUS

June 17 and 19, 1916

Arthur C. Cloetingh	-	-	-	-	Master of the Pageant
Adriana S. Kolyn	-	-	-	-	Author of the Book of Words
Harris M. Meyer	-	-	-	-	Composer and Director of the Music
Christine C. Van Raalte	-	-	-	-	Mistress of the Robes
Edward B. Hoeven	-	-	-	-	Master of the Costumes

John G. Gebhard	-	-	-	-	Director of Properties
Gerard Raap	-	-	-	-	Mechanician
Frank W. Douma	-	-	-	-	Stage Manager
Anthony Van Westenburch	-	-	-	-	Supt. of Grounds
Theodore W. Elferdink	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
George A. Pelgrim	-	-	-	-	Publicity Agent



THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

The Pageant of Hope

Procession: Trumpeters, Spirit of Hope, Alumni in classes, Preparatory classes, College classes, Faculty, Council.

PROLOGUE—SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

'Tis wondrous good when, on the upward way,
 We count the miles we've covered, one by one,
 And know a little nearer we have come
 To where the goal is set. Thus Hope today,
 Her golden milestone passed, with pleasure may
 Look back upon the goodly journey run
 And witness what the fifty years have done
 In this, the Pageant of our Hope. We pray
 Ye, Muses, who inspired the thought and pen
 Of those who framed this pageant, now again
 Inspire the mimes who play the parts this night.
 'Tis not for sport we act, nor idle show:
 Our spirit, 'tis near reverent, so bright
 The flame of love for Hope in us doth glow.

EPISODE I

Scene in the Netherlands. Dutch children at play. Dutch girls carrying their wash, others carrying vegetables to market. Farmer passes, driving his cattle to pasture. Two Dutch women meet and gossip. Two farmers carrying shovels enter, talking excitedly and gesticulating. They meet another farmer and all stop to talk.

Farmer Mulder: Yes, Gerritsen, these certainly are hard times. It seems as if matters never could grow worse.

Farmer Gerritsen: You are right, Mulder. Here I am, out of work, and loaded down with debt. In two months I must pay my debt of six hundred dollars, and all my saving has brought me less than three hundred dollars. I might have borrowed again, with the potato crop as security, but now that too has failed.

Farmer Houtsma: Yes, Gerritsen; it all looks very dark. I told my wife yesterday that we might have paid off the mortgage on our farm this year, if the potatoes had not rotted, but now—. The mortgage is heavier than ever and we scarcely have enough to eat.

Farmer Mulder: My wife thinks that the best thing we can do is to go with Dominie Van Raalte to America, and I believe she is right. America promises much.

Farmer Houtsma: Yes, I have thought of that, too. It is a great undertaking, but I believe it offers us our only hope. If I could sell my land and my cow and horse, there would be enough for tickets for my family.

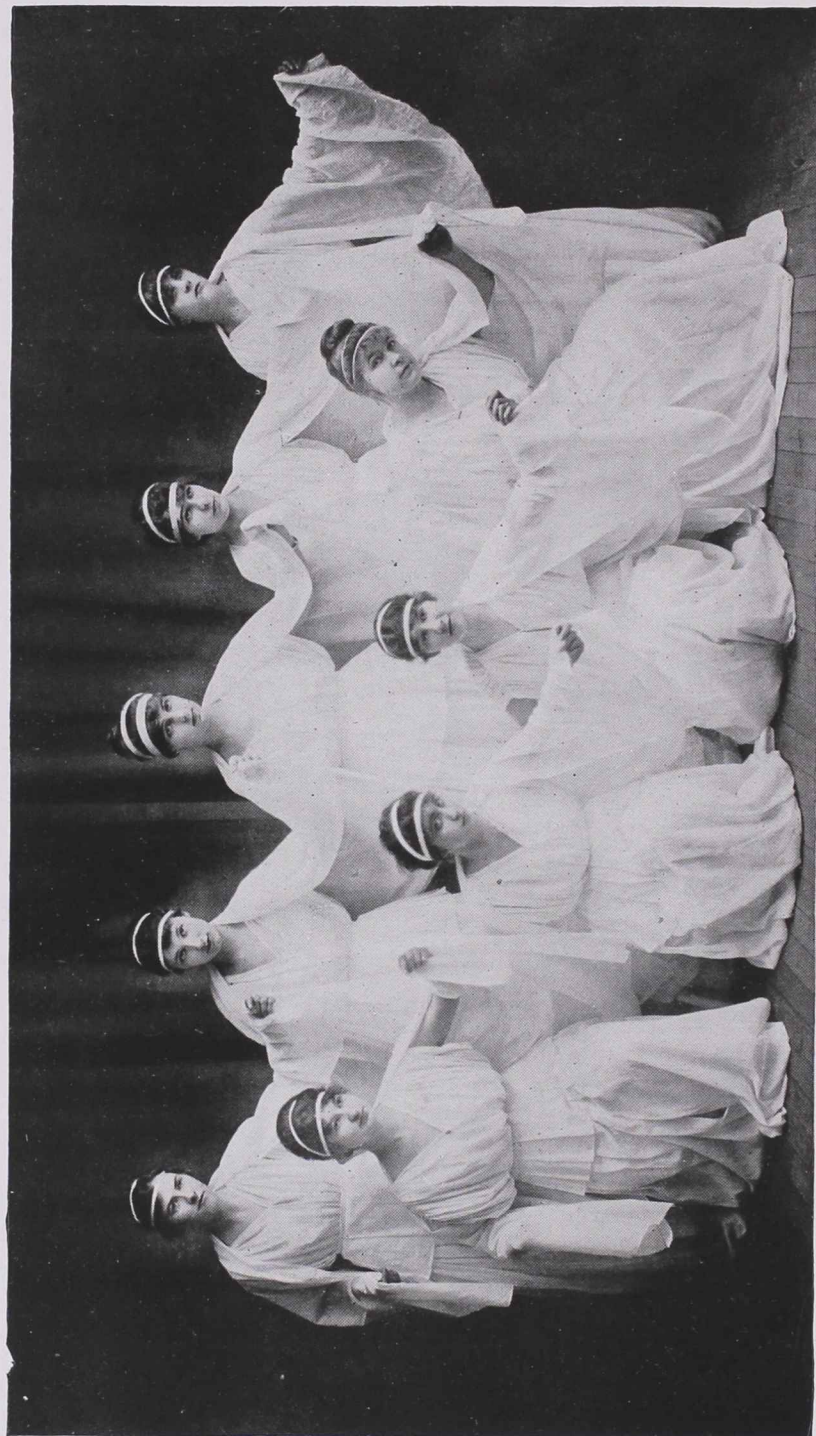
Farmer Gerritsen: But America is so far away!—Yet, it is a land of promise and of opportunity for all.

Farmer Mulder: I am going now to hear Dominie Van Raalte preach. Don't you want to go with me and hear more about the plans?

Farmers Houtsma and Gerritsen: Yes, we will go with you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Religious meeting in the woods. Dr. Van Raalte and his followers enter. Dr. Van Raalte opens with silent prayer. All bow their heads in worship.



Dr. Van Raalte: My dear people, the time has come for us to act immediately for the sake of our wives and our children. Our religion, the bulwark of our people's strength, is threatened. Ever since the church became the servant of the state, subject to its every dictate, her worship has been nothing but a cold formalism and a lifeless orthodoxy. Back to the Scriptures, has been our motto, my people, from the beginning. But what can we do when we are treated like so many dumb-driven cattle, and bound down beneath a galling yoke of oppression? Compelled to leave the state church, we ministers have traveled through the country, preaching and teaching the Word wherever we had opportunity; but now we are not even allowed to hold such meetings, and must come together in secret, just as we are at the present time. Too long have we submitted to criminal treatment, beaten about from place to place by police and soldiers. Think of our economic condition, too. Most of you men are laborers, and now, with no work at hand, see grim poverty staring you in the face. Men, we need a land of freedom, where we can exercise intelligent influence in matters pertaining to the common weal. Look at America, and the boundless resources of her soil and timber, her mines and streams. Where can we look for greater opportunity than in that land across the sea, where Freedom rules? (*Sound of trumpets.*) It is the soldiers. Prison doors stand open to receive us; but fear not, the Lord is with us always.

Captain and twelve soldiers enter from the right.

Captain: Sir, I have here a warrant for your arrest. You are disobeying the laws by holding secret meetings with more than nineteen assembled.

Dr. Van Raalte: In whose name am I arrested?

Captain: Sir, in the name of your king, William I.

Dr. Van Raalte: Then I will not surrender myself, nor any of my followers; for I have orders to hold these meetings from the greatest of powers, the King of kings. Captain, I ask you to remain, and your men also, to hear the loving mandate of this greatest of all kings. (*Opens his Bible and reads.*) "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature." Friends, this is my commission from the Lord of hosts. How can I but obey the Word of the risen Lord, of Him who endured the cross and despised the shame in order that I, and all who believe on Him, might live and reign with Him forever? I know that our king, William I, has forbidden us to carry out Christ's loving command, but I ask you, men, whether it be right in the sight of God to obey an earthly king rather than the King of kings? You soldiers know what it is to obey, and to be loyal to your commanders. My King, the Ruler of all, asks you to surrender yourself to Him. Do not neglect His loving call, for now is the accepted time. Why should you refuse to enlist in His service and be valiant soldiers of the Cross? Accept the Christ, for there is no salvation in any other, for there is no other name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved. (*Dr. Van Raalte comes down from the platform and goes up to the Captain.*) Captain, I plead with you to surrender yourself to God. Kneel before this altar,—rude though it may be, it is nevertheless the sanctuary of God. Your sins may be many, yet he will wash them away. Will you come?

Captain (with great emotion): Yes, I will come.

Dr. Van Raalte: Men, your captain has surrendered himself to Christ. Will you not follow him, as you have so often followed him before?

First Soldier: Never has he led us into a nobler service. I will follow him.

Second soldier: And so will I.

Two others: We, too, will follow.

Dr. Van Raalte. (*He conducts the men to the altar and prays.*) Lord, we thank thee for our deliverance. We know that thou dost never forsake them that trust in thee. Grant that these men may be valiant soldiers in thine army. Amen. (*Curtain*)

SCENE III—Departure

Dr. Van Raalte and his followers, burdened with bags and pillow-cases filled with their possessions, are leaving their home town. The children are laughing and playing, the men appear sober, while some of the women are weeping. They are followed by their friends.

Dr. Van Raalte: Friends and relatives, the sad time of parting has come. We leave you now and set out for a new country, to seek the liberty that is denied us here. Our trust is in Almighty God, who doeth all things well, and in His strength we go forth upon this long and perilous journey. Our bright hopes are tinged with sadness as we wring the hands of loved ones in farewell; but we know that He who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," will not forsake us. To Him we commend those who shall cross the mighty deep and enter the new land, and in His care we leave the dear ones who remain behind. Farewell, friends, one and all. Even if we do not meet again here below, we live in the glorious hope of a glad reunion in Heaven. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

(The women throw themselves on each other's necks and weep bitterly. The men seek to encourage them, and slowly all leave the stage.)

INTERLUDE I

The scene is laid in the wood of Ottawa County. A wigwam is visible in the background and several squaws are seated beside it. Indian maidens enter, carrying wood with which they build a fire in the center of the clearing. They seat themselves around the fire and chant a greeting to the dawn. As they sing the sun arises in the east.

EPISODE II

Scene same as above. As the maidens leave, the braves appear, some on horseback, others on foot. All carry weapons, some old-fashioned muzzle-loading shotguns, others bows and arrows. The chieftain enters.

Chieftain: Come, my braves of Pottawatamie,
 Gather round this fire of pine stumps,
 Round this fire of roaring pine stumps.
 Listen to my words, you warriors,
 To the words your chieftain brings you.
 We are strong, and we are valiant,
 Mighty braves of Pottawatamie.
 We a tribe of skillful fishers
 In these lakes and rushing rivers,
 We a tribe of mighty hunters
 In these deep and darksome forests,
 Where we shoot the deer and wildcat,
 Shoot with sharpened stones for killing.
 Warriors, even as our fathers,
 Who were men of mighty prowess,
 Be you brave and fearless fighters,
 Since the Ottawas and Ojibways,
 They the enemies of our nation,
 Trespass oft within our borders,
 Shoot the game within our forests,
 Take the fish from out our rivers,
 Steal our corn, and rob our wigwams.
 Pottawatamies, tomorrow
 Go we out upon a long hunt
 E'er the winter comes upon us.
 We must get us skins for shelter,
 We must get us furs for clothing,

Meat of bear and stag, to feed us
Through the cold and trackless winter.
Braves of other tribes may meet us
Who will harm us, for they hate us,
Who will fight us, and will kill us,
Be you strong for battle always,
Sturdy, brave, that when they see you,
These the Ottawas and Ojibways,
They will quake before your arrows,
Quake with fear beneath their war-paint.

An Indian runner enters, falls before the chieftain and speaks breathlessly.

"The Ottawas, the Ottawas are all about us! Come, we can drive them away, if we make haste."

Chieftain: Up! my braves and rout these warriors.

The braves raise the war-whoop, and, waving their tomahawks, disappear into the thicket. After they leave several small Indian boys enter. They carry miniature bows and arrows. One boy rushes up to the squaws and speaks.

Indian Boy

Mother, we would fight these warriors!
We are small, but we can shoot them,
Shoot them with our bows and arrows.

Squaw

No, my children, go not forward.
Boys should shoot the quail and rabbit,
Leave the fighting for the elders.

The Indian maidens reappear, accompanied by the tribe musician, Nushonabis.

An Indian maid

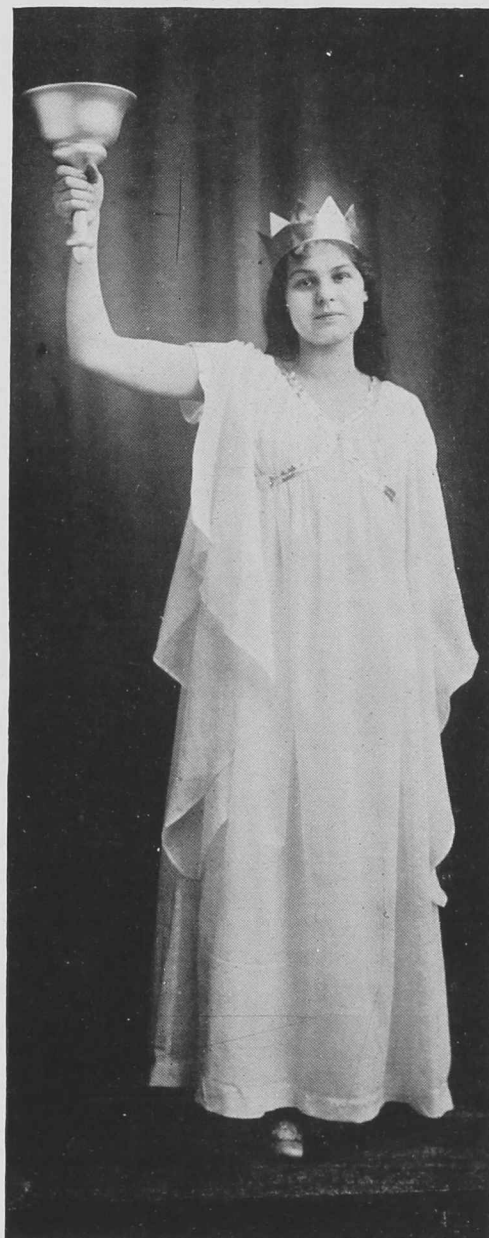
Play for us, O Nushonabis,
Play, that we may sing together.

"From the Land of the Skyblue Waters."—CADMAN. The Indian braves come back, victorious over the enemy. With shouting and singing they dance around the fire. The tribe medicine man enters.

Medicine Man

Cease, O braves, your cries and shouting!

Medicine man has news to tell you.
Now, while walking through the forest,
Met I there the kindly pale-face,
Doctor Smith, the friend of redmen.
With him there were strangers many,
Friendly, gracious, and they told me
How they wish to come among us,
Make their homes within our borders.
They have come from lands we know
not



THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

Far across the Big-Sea-Water.
 Forty-seven is their number.
 Come they here to build their wigwams,
 Make their farms among the redmen.
 Pottawatamies must love them,
 Love these true friends of our Doctor.
 We must meet them, we must show them
 How to trap the bear, Owushnah,
 How to shoot the wild-goose, Wah-ba,
 How to fish within our rivers,
 How to catch the sturgeon, Kegdush.
 Not like the Ojibways come they,
 Not like Ottawas, our foemen:



Friendly are the pale-face strangers,
 They will help us, we will help them.
 So in peace we'll live together,
 Smoke the pipe of peace as brothers.
 See, here come the pale-face strangers.

Dr. Van Raalte and his followers enter, accompanied by Dr. Smith, an Indian guide, Judge Kellog of Allegan, and Mr. George Harrington, who drove the ox-team. The Indians greet the strangers with extreme kindness.

Dr. Van Raalte: Brave men of Pottawatamie and noble chieftain, it is most kind of you to greet us in such friendly manner; yet we are not surprised, for my people, this little band of forty-seven, come as friends of the good and kind Doctor Smith. He is a great man, who loves both Indians and pale-faces. Since we are both friends of his, let us in turn be friends.

Chieftain: You are welcome, pale-face strangers,
 We receive you kindly, gladly.
 We will aid you, we will help you
 In the clearing of the forests,
 In the planting for the harvest.
 Redmen, they are glad to help you.
 Sit around this fire of pine trees,

Smoke this pipe of peace together,
You may live among us always.

Dr. Van Raalte: Again we thank you, kind-hearted redmen. (To his people). Here we shall make our little farms. Here shall be our homes.

They all gather round the campfire and smoke the pipe of peace. In small groups they leave, the settlers in the company of the redmen. At last only Dr. Van Raalte is left, who, upon seeing that all are gone, falls on his knees and again offers his thanks to Jehovah, then slowly and thoughtfully leaves.

INTERLUDE II

Obstacles of the pioneers symbolically presented. Dr. Van Raalte enters, followed by men and women of his company. They carry tools for the clearing of the forest.

Dr. Van Raalte:

My people, who have braved the stormy seas,
That liberty and freedom may be ours
To worship God in spirit and in truth,
Grave trials more await us: we must face
The wilderness with all its perils dire,
But we will conquerors be!
—Behold! what figures wondrous strange are these?

Enter the genii of the waters. Several girls dressed in varying shades of green.

Dr. Van Raalte:

Who are ye, and what seek ye here?

Genius of Water:

We are the waters, our power is mighty,
Bridges we sweep away, frail barks we shatter.
Swirling and rushing our torrents in spring time,
Little we care for the crops you have planted.
Breathless and empty the hot fields in summer,
When, in our pleasure, our power is withholden.
Man, what art thou? we defy thee!

Dr. Van Raalte:

O Spirits dire, we come of sturdy stock
For centuries your power we have crushed.
—But who are these,—more genii come to taunt?

Enter the genii of the cold. Girls in white.

Genius of the Cold:

Spirits of cold,
Cruel and bold,
Chilling the soul with our icy breath.
Tremble and quail,
O mortal frail,
Think of the winter's long, shuddering death!

Dr. Van Raalte:

Ne'er can ye fright us, Spirits of the Cold.
Within our homes, we'll keep the hearth-fires bright,
Within our hearts, the love of God will glow.

Enter genii of the wilderness. Girls dressed in autumnal colors.

Genius of the Wilderness:

How darest thou to come within these trackless woods,
To venture 'mong these silent hills; dost thou not know
That these are ours alone? Be gone!

Dr. Van Raalte's followers come up to him and try to pull him back. He becomes more determined.

Dr. Van Raalte:

My people, courage take! O trust the Lord.
The elements themselves we will defy!

Enter the winds. Girls dressed in pale blue.

First Wind:

I am the North wind of wintry blasts.

Second Wind:

I am the East wind. Misfortune I bear you.

Third Wind:

I am the West wind. I send the storm.

Fourth Wind:

I am the South wind of scorching breath.

Enter ghosts of Hunger, Cholera, and Malaria.

Hunger:

Wailing of children, fainting of strong men,
Madness of soul,
Such do I bring you.

Cholera:

I am Cholera. When once I come
Within thy villages,
When once I gain a victim there,
Then go I not away, but heartless still,
Scatter rank poison.
Man and beast must die the awful death.
That is my pleasure. Beware!

Malaria:

I am the Spirit of wasting Malaria,
Ling'ring, insidious bringer of death.
Slowly I sap out the spirit and vigor,
Until the grim end.

A blinding flash of lightning follows, and a voice in the distance cries out:

Hiloha, I am the Lightning.

In the distance is heard a peal of thunder and a voice as from a sepulchre cries out:

Wulgudu, I am the Thunder.

Another flash of lightning follows and Death enters. He comes in through the rear entrance, walks between the elements, and comes up to Dr. Van Raalte. Dr. Van Raalte hides his face, overcome by the gruesome figure.

Death:

These are my cohorts, and I am Death.
Thou art but human. Dost thou defy us?

Dr. Van Raalte:

O spirits, get you gone; I fear you not!
Such dangers are but tools of Providence
To build a character. O death, e'en thee
I now defy. Be gone!

Death (after a moment's pause):

We go, unconquerable man, we go.
The other elements slowly withdraw.

EPISODE III

SCENE I

Mr. J. Binnekant enters with a surveyor's rod, takes a stake from a bundle which is near him, pounds it in the ground and then sets the rod on top of it. Mr. E. B. Bassett enters from the other side with a transit and sights it on the rod which Mr. Binnekant holds. Mr. Bassett makes signs to Mr. Binnekant, who raises and lowers the sight until Mr. Bassett signals that it is right. Close behind Mr. Bassett is Dr. Van Raalte with a large chart which he looks at, and then he scans the landscape as if searching for something which he cannot find.

Dr. Van Raalte: This chart which I brought along from Allegan indicates that the government line runs somewhere along here. *(To Mr. Binnekant)*



Do you see the stake there? (He goes over to Mr. Binnekant, and Mr. Bassett follows, leaving the transit standing. They search for a few minutes and then Mr. Binnekant finds the stake.)

Mr. Binnekant: Here it is. Now we can follow the government survey. Doctor, where do you think we should build our church?

Dr. Van Raalte: It seems to me that hill over there is the best place. *(Points to the east.)* We can build our church on the south side where it will be protected from the cold north winds.

Mr. Binnekant: Doctor, that little hill over there would be an ideal place for a home. Could I purchase that?

Dr. Van Raalte: Why yes, Mr. Binnekant. The land has all been turned into the common fund and you can secure this lot for \$50. But let us hurry or we shall be late for worship. Soon, men, we shall have a real church building. Later, we must have a school, and who knows, but that God willing, we may also have a college some day. For the present our church will suffice for a school building.

SCENE II

Front of log cabin visible in the background. In the foreground are gathered several people, Dr. Van Raalte, his wife, children, and servants.

They seat themselves on rough wooden chairs and boxes. The two servants remain standing in the rear. The children gather round their mother's knee. Dr. Van Raalte opens his Bible and reads:

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof,
The price of wisdom is above rubies.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.

Job 28: 12, 13, 18, 23.

Prays: Our gracious Father, we thank thee for all that thou hast enabled thy people, in thy strength, to accomplish in this new land. Now we ask thee to bless us further, when on the morrow we ask thy servants for a college, where shall be taught the wisdom that comes from thee. May all be done to thy glory. Amen.

SCENE III

Interior. A large rug covers the middle of the floor. In the center is a long table with large arm chairs. The members of the synod enter and take their respective places. The president calls the meeting to order and asks Rev. M. S. Hutton to open with prayer.

Mr. Peter R. Warner, President: The meeting will now come to order. We shall ask the Rev. Hutton to open these important deliberations with a word of prayer.

Rev. Hutton: O thou who knowest all the affairs of men, guide us this day aright in whatever we undertake to do in the furtherance of thy kingdom. Amen.

Mr. Warner: Dr. Van Raalte, known to all of us, has a matter which he desires to place before this body. I am sure that he will be heard with eagerness. Dr. Van Raalte.

Dr. Van Raalte: Honorable Members of the Synod, it is with the welfare of our beloved church at heart that I come before you, asking that you establish, in the west, a college for the training of our young men. A great field for usefulness lies open there. To undertake such an enterprise would be worthy of a church whose principles in the matter of a competent ministry, whose love of order, steadfastness, and truth, have rendered her a praise. Gentlemen, could you but realize the importance of this enterprise! To my people, this college would be an anchor of Hope for the future.

Mr. Warner: Dr. Van Raalte, your proposal will be given the most careful and serious consideration. It is safe to assure you that your hopes will be realized. Our committee will investigate thoroughly the conditions surrounding your colony.

(The men arise, shake hands and leave conversing.)

INTERLUDE III

Song of the untaught children.

WORDS BY ADRIANA KOLYN

MUSIC BY HARRIS M. MEYER

Simple and pure we come,
Seeking thine aid,
Helpless now stand we here,
Helpless, afraid.
E'en as the forest flowers
Grow we 'mid shade and showers;
Yet e'en through shining hours,
Thy help we crave.

As tiny forest flowers
 All bravely smile,
 Nourished by Mother Earth,
 Happy the while;
 They fear no scorching ray,
 In storms they lightly sway,
 Mother Earth, day by day,
 Guards them 'gainst ill.

Thus we, like them so weak,
 Fearsome alone,
 Need thy strength in life's storms
 O gracious One.



The children kneel and extend their hands in supplication.

Spirit of Knowledge, hail!
 List to our plaintive tale,
 Help us! alone we fail,
 O Spirit, come.

Spirit of Knowledge answers their prayers. In recitative.

Peace to you, my children. These cries, these plaintive calls for help have stirred the heart that ever yearns to lead the stumbling feet in paths of truth. Arise, rejoice and sing upon your way! Knowledge and wisdom shall be yours. Rejoice then, for I will establish in this land a noble hall of wisdom, and upon it breathe the breath of mine own spirit. And this, the anchor, shall be its emblem, for its name shall be Hope.

Song of Rejoicing. Sung by the children and the Spirit of Knowledge.

Raise we now a song of rejoicing.
 Hail thee, our Hope!
 Grateful and happy praise we are voicing,
 Hail thee, our Hope!
 Spirit, thou to us hast bent,
 Thy help in goodness lent,

Thy glorious gift hast sent,
Hail thee, our Hope!

CHORUS:

Hope College, all hail!
Our ardor shall ne'er grow pale,
Our loyalty ne'er shall fail,
Hail thee, our Hope!

Fires of knowledge in thee e'er shall burn,
Hail thee, our Hope!
Wandering feet to straight paths shall turn,
Hail thee, our Hope!
Strength to the weak thou wilt give,
Help those who vainly strive,
Make all the nobler live.
Hail thee, our Hope!

EPISODE IV

Several children, carrying lunch pails and books, are on their way to school. Mr. Taylor, the principal of the school, appears, intently studying in a book that he carries. He meets a farmer.

Farmer: Good morning, Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor: Good morning, Mr. Oldemeyer. How are you and your good wife today?

Mr. Oldemeyer: O we are fine, but how are my children getting along in school?

Mr. Taylor: They seem to be getting along very nicely. Freddie is in the third reader and Jennie is in the fifth.

Mr. Oldemeyer: Yes, I always tell them to study hard. I cannot write my own name. That is the way in the Netherlands; the poor people never have a chance. Have you heard any news from the war, Mr. Taylor?

Mr. Taylor: Things are getting to be quite critical and it is feared that war may be declared almost any day. President Lincoln is a great man and we can trust him to do only that which is right. *(He stops and parts two boys who are fighting.)* If war is declared we know that God is on our side. Here comes the postman. *(Mr. Notting, the first mail man of Holland, appears. He hands Mr. Taylor a few letters and a newspaper. Mr. Taylor quickly glances over the letters and then puts them into his pocket. He then looks at the newspaper and reads):* "Mr. Lincoln has declared war." Ah! it is as I feared. War was inevitable from the beginning and Lincoln did what was right.

Mr. Oldemeyer: Then, then I must send my sons to the war!

Mr. Taylor: Yes, my friend, the president must have soldiers. The cause is just, and the Lord is with us. We cannot but be victorious. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

In the center of a room sits a lady beside a spinning wheel. She weeps softly. Two small daughters on the floor try to crawl on her lap and pull at the mother's arms in their endeavor to stop her weeping. A man enters, sees his wife weeping, and in deep thought approaches her and the children. The father stoops over and caresses his wife. Two sons enter with guns in their hands. The mother rises, embraces each in turn, and kisses them mournfully.

Mother: O, my boys, don't go. I may never see you alive again.

Father: Now, mother, are we to enjoy the blessings of this country and not give our sons for its defense?

The mother seems to take courage. The father places his hands on the shoulders of his sons and then shakes hands with both of them. The sons embrace their mother and kiss her, then pick up their baby sisters, kiss them and then leave. The mother in the meantime has seated herself and begins to weep. The father approaches her with his hands out in appeal, but overcome with emotion he turns back. The two little girls want to go to bed. They kneel at their mother's knee and pray.

Children:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.
 And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

And, dear Jesus, take care of Tom and Ben, and bring them back soon.

SCENE III

A minister of the gospel enters. From the other side a farmer rushes in with a newspaper in his hand.

Farmer: Oh Dominie, the President has declared war, and sent out a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. It is terrible!

Minister: Yes, my friend, war is always hideous; but never was war declared in a more just cause than this one. I hope that my people will serve loyally the land of their adoption.

Farmer: I am too old, but if my sons want to enlist, I shall not stand in their way. *Exit.*

Captain Stoughten enters.

Good morning,—you are the pastor of the church here, are you not?

Minister: Yes, sir, and you are——?

Officer: Captain Stoughten.

Minister: Captain Stoughten, I am glad to know you. *(They shake hands.)*

Captain: We are at a loss to know where to enlist our volunteers. I met one of your elders a few minutes ago, and he suggested that I see you and ask permission to use the church for enlistment.

Minister: Captain, you have my full permission to use the church as a recruiting station. No building is too good for such a cause as this. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Recruiting and drill, summer 1862. Captain stands in the center. Volunteers enter. Capt. De Boe forms ranks and then calls.

Company I, attention! Ground arms.

The volunteers attempt to follow the commands, but prove inexperienced, and make ludicrous attempts to execute the orders. Spectators gather on each side and look on with wonder. Capt. De Boe goes through the drill himself for the benefit of the volunteers.

Captain: Company I, attention! Ground arms, raise, present, shoulder, aim!

The operations are continued until the volunteers follow the orders quite well. Wagons then enter to carry the volunteers to Allegan. The soldiers are loaded and driven, amid the cheers from the spectators.

SCENE V

The people at home receive news from the front. From time to time notices come which are tacked on a large bulletin board.

SCENE VI

Place: Overisel. Time: summer of 1865. Long tables are set out on the grass in the woods. Women are busy arranging the tables. Men and boys are placing the seats and benches. One lady in the front is unfolding a table cloth. Her small son rushes up to her side and anxiously asks:

Mamma, when are the soldiers coming?

Mother: At noon, sonny. Just a little longer to wait.

The boy scampers away to join in the play of the other children. Everybody is busy except an old man who sits alone whittling. From time to time he glances off the stage as if he hears sounds. Suddenly he jumps up and shouts.

Boy: Here they come.

All run to the side as the wagon bearing the soldiers appear. Some of the soldiers have bandaged arms and eyes and some walk on crutches. The old man (Mr. Boot), still in front, shakes hands with the soldiers but keeps looking anxiously for some one he does not see. He then pulls one of the soldiers aside and asks.

Mr. Boot: Where, where is Tom?

Soldier (reluctantly): He was shot down while bravely carrying our flag into the thickest of the fight, shot down in cold blood.

Mr. Boot: It is God's way. His will be done. *Exit.*

The rest of the people greet their friends and loved ones.

EPISODE V

SCENE I

Dr. Van Raalte, Rev. M. S. Hutton, Dr. Phelps, and the Rev. I. N. Wyckoff are seated on the platform. An old organ is on one side. A double quartet sings a Dutch psalm. Rev. M. S. Hutton makes the inaugural oration.

Officers and friends of Hope College: The occasion on which we have met is one of peculiar interest; it invites general congratulation. The Reformed Church of America may well congratulate herself upon founding in this settlement a second college. Surely our congratulations are due to the faithful and untiring brother whom we have met to inaugurate in the station which he has earned and will adorn. Our hope is in God and in His name will we proceed to inaugurate the first President of Hope College.

Rev. I. N. Wyckoff: A great event is transpiring before our eyes in this present hour, an event which cannot fail to deeply interest you and me. We have come hither this evening to give the last touches to the organization by the usual formality. (*To Dr. Phelps.*) With such impressive charges and hopes, I deliver to you, dear sir, these keys, which are the sign of your investiture of the Presidency of Hope College.

Dr. Wyckoff then proceeds to invest the new incumbent with the beautiful official robes that had been kindly presented to Dr. Phelps by some of the ladies of Hudson-on-the-Hudson.

Dr. Phelps: The present occasion does not seem to require of me any elaborate treatise, but tonight I call upon my own soul and upon the souls of all who hear me, to seek with renewed consecration, and in every suitable way, the prosperity of Zion.

Benediction. The quartet sings again, this time an English hymn.

SCENE II

A student appears with his head buried in his book; meets another student who addresses him.

Second Student: What are you studying for; don't you know that school is over?

First Student: Oh, don't bother me, I'm making up a Latin condition.

Second Student (as he exits): Hope you enjoy yourself.

As they speak two Seniors enter.

Ale Buursma (Senior): Do you realize, John, that this is our last day in Hope College?

John W. Te Winkel (Senior): Yes, I do; and I tell you it makes me feel just a little bit lonesome. Old Hope has meant a great deal to us and I am rather loath to leave.

Ale Buursma: You are right. We've had some mighty fine times here, and I suppose now we shall have to get down to good hard work. But say, I've got some important things to look after before tonight. So-long, old man; see you tonight at Commencement.

John Te Winkel: So-long, Ale.

SCENE III

Dr. Phelps with the graduates of the first class seated on the platform. In the background ninety lights spell out the word "Hope." Dr. Phelps dressed in his official gown, proceeds to award the diplomas, calling upon

ALE BUURSMA
WM. B. GILMORE
WM. A. SHIELDS
HARM WOLTMAN
GERRIT DANGREMOND
PETER MOERDYKE
WM. MOERDYKE
JOHN W. TE WINKEL

Singing of the first commencement ode, the words of which were written by Dr. Phelps, the music by Wm. Gilmore.

VALEDICTORY—GERRIT DANGREMOND

Friends and Citizens,—We are now about to be severed from the special ties which have bound us to our cherished institution. For all your repeated kindnesses we return our ardent thanks.

Brother Classmates,—I congratulate you on the deeply interesting circumstances of this our Commencement. In this rejoicing my only regret is that as college students we must bid each other farewell.

Beloved Professors,—We shall always recall, with the most pleasurable associations, the relations which you have sustained to us.

Especially do we turn to you, Beloved President, with emotions scarcely to be expressed. Wherever we are, however, we will ever remember what difficulties have been overcome by you, and with what zeal you remained at your post.

EPISODE VI

The Burning of Holland; time, summer 1871. Scene laid on the college campus. Smoke and flames are visible in the background. The people rush from all sides with their possessions and bring them to the campus. All is confusion, women shriek and faint, men yell to one another in their attempts to fight the fire. A wagon appears loaded with clothing and furniture, which is promptly unloaded on the campus, and at once departs. When the fire has somewhat subsided, Dr. Van Raalte appears and assigns places for the night. The moon arises and all is quiet.

EPISODE VII

The Spirit of Hope seated on a throne on a high platform reviews the different departments of the college. Two pages stand beside her, and, from a scroll which they hold, call upon the departments. The college societies also appear.

INTERLUDE IV

Symbolizing the mission of Hope College in the world. The Spirit of Hope stands on a platform. The Spirit of the Orient enters, followed by several people from each eastern country.

Spirit of the Orient:

Spirit of Hope,
 Have mercy on our need.
 O send to us thy help!
 Thy kindly culture send us, to refine our ways,
 Thy wisdom to illumine our ignorance;
 But most of all, O gracious Spirit,
 Send us thy loving gospel, send thy Christ!

Spirit of the Occident enters, followed by the people of the West.

Spirit of the Occident:

We, too, have need of thee
 Wisdom and culture, these we have, but Oh!
 Give us ministers to tell of God,
 And teachers, merchants, lawyers, serving Him,
 Physicians like the One in Galilee.
 O Spirit, give us these.

Spirit of Hope: Children of mine, I have heard you. I grant your beseeching petitions.

(To the Orient)—These do I send you, these Messengers, Envoys of Hope.
(While she speaks several of Hope's graduates appear on her right.)

(To the Occident)—Here are the Christians to work in your midst.

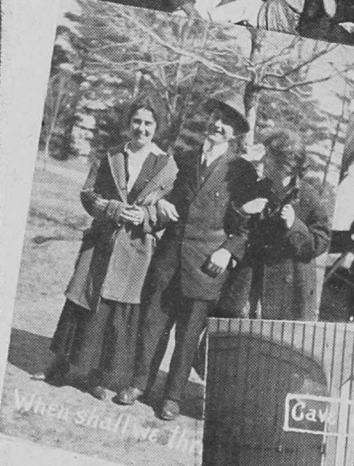
(Other graduates appear on her left)—

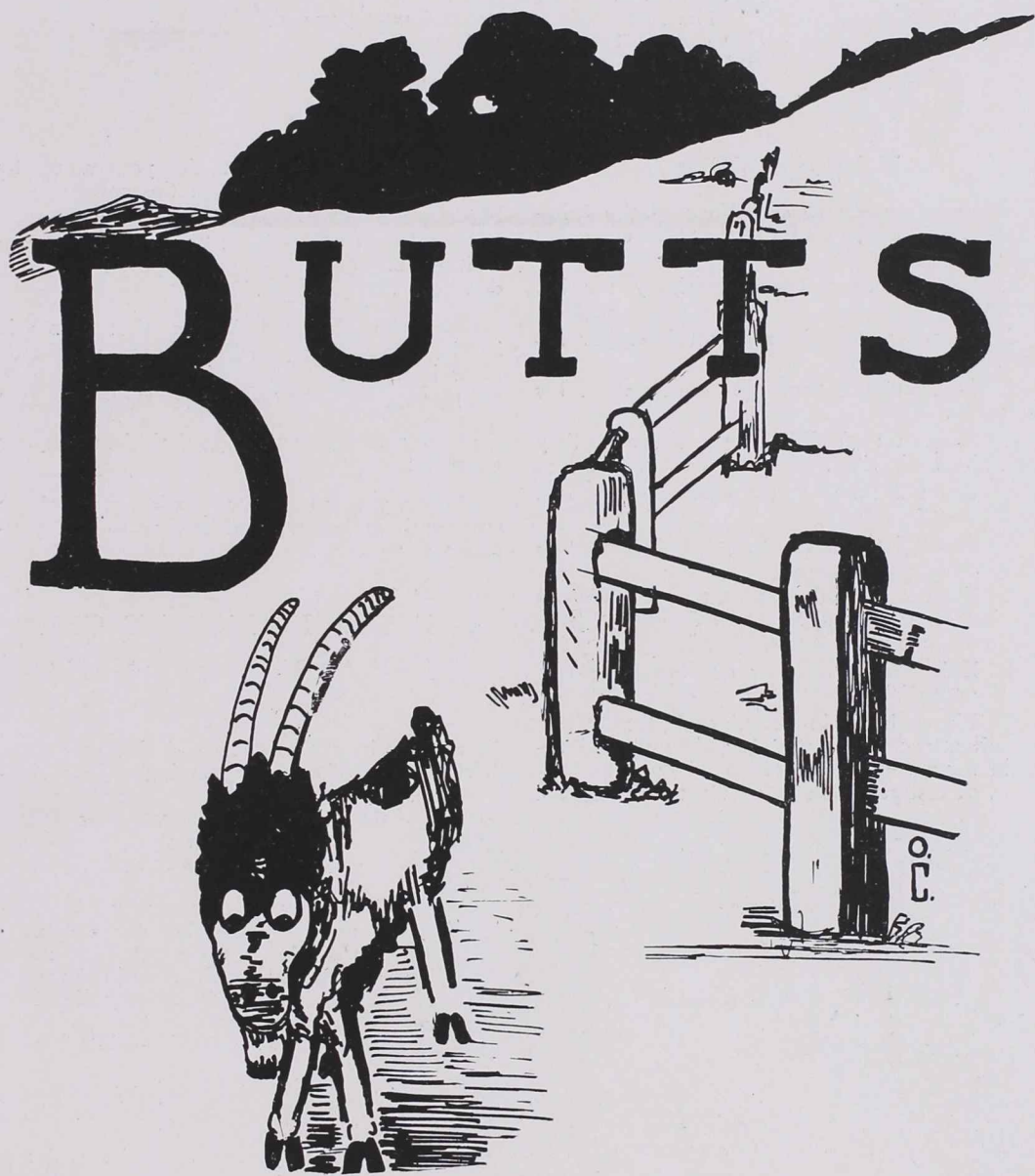
O my sons and my daughters,
 Back to the world you must give what I gave unto you.
 Partin', Hope speeds you,
 Sends her prayers with you,
 Heav'n, may it bless you as I bless you now.

EPILOGUE—Spirit of Progress.

The Pageant now is done. You turn again
 To tasks mundane. But stay a moment yet,
 And hear this one brief final word of mine
 Before you go. Dear friends, I beg you now,
 Think not the history you here have seen
 Is history and nothing more. Instead,
 Whatever here has pleased your taste, tonight,
 Whatever has done more, and made you proud
 To name yourself a friend of Hope, may that
 But spur you on. My name is Progress. I
 In all the ways of Hope do move. For this
 It is that I have let you glimpse the past,—
 That in your inmost heart may reawake
 The ardent love for Hope that lives, and works,
 And bears her ever on. The past is great,
 The present greater still, but we shall see
 The grander, nobler future, yet to be!





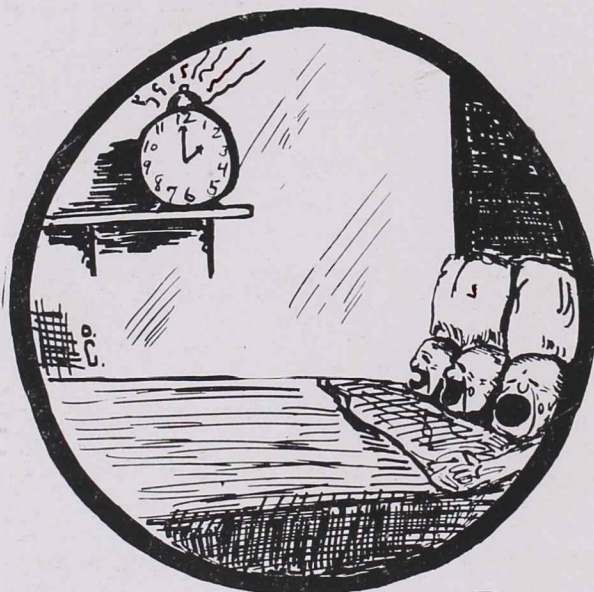


Without a bit of ill intent
 The MILESTONE fain would now present
 These pages for your merriment.
 And if it hap that you should find
 Yourself the subject of a grind,
 Why,—join the laugh and never mind!

Taken from Life

Being an outline of the "Acts of the Milestone Purchaser," on receiving his copy for which he has "Paid in Full."

1. Looks thru 5 times hurriedly for his name.
2. Searches thru 2 times carefully for his own name.
3. Looks thru 3 times for the name of his best girl.
4. Hunts thru it diligently to see what they said about his rival.
5. Gazes 2 times at each picture of THE girl.
6. Gazes 5 times carefully at his own picture.
7. Glances thru the jokes to see which is the best one to slam, and how much better he could have done.
8. Either looks over or overlooks the rest of the "stuff."
9. Places book in prominent place where it will attract *interested* friends and will remain for future reference, that is, merely contrast, of course, when he gets out HIS annual.



Two strikes AND three Bawls.

Art Cloetingh:—"What do you mean by keeping me waiting here on the corner looking like a fool?"

Ovie (good naturedly): "I admit I kept you waiting, but don't you know, you must have done the rest yourself."

The irate Mr. Van Putten, Sr.: "How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, sir?"

The brave Mr. Hakken, Jr.: "Great, Great!"

If your friends annoy you, sic 'em on your enemies!

Many a young man develops into a liar from writing love letters, and letters to the governor for money.

THE ORPHEAN GLEE CLUB

PRESENTS A FEW HITS IN THE LINE OF

Popular Songs

"I want to be a Mormon"—Ed Cathcart.

"Grind, grind, keep on grinding"—Jack Karsten.

"Don't wear off the varnish"—Tony Van Westenburg.

"No wedding bells for me"—Peewee Hoeven.

"Gee! I wish I were single once more"—John Van der Broek.

"Don't take my Darling Girl away from me"—G. Marvin Brower.

"If you only had my disposition"—Harold Gilman.

"Happy, tho' married"—Billie Moerdyke.

(We wish to give due mention to his able accompanist, Miss Elizabeth Van Burk.)

"I've got a sneaky feelin' round my heart"—T. Zwemer.

(Accompanied by Miss Sarah Winter)

"My Holland Lulu girl"—George Veenker.

"We are merry sailor lads,—we love those big schooners"—

A. Dunnewold

T. Hibma

A. Bakker

J. Kuite

"Come to me, my Herpicide"—Company—(Solo parts by Prof. Nykerk)

PROGRESSIVE (?) RESOLUTIONS

<i>Freshmen</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Juniors</i>	<i>Seniors</i>
I. Not to crib.			
II. Not to cut.			
III. Not to smoke.	Not to crib.		
IV. Not to bluff.	Not to cut.		
V. To study hard.	To study hard.	To study hard.	
VI. To GRADUATE.	To GRADUATE.	To GRADUATE.	To GRADUATE.

Much humor
Intensely interesting
Looks unique
Elevating pictures
Solid pleasure
Typical snapshots
Odious cartoons
No slams
Exquisite artistry
1 fault we slammed in you,
9 pardons we beg of you.
1 year let vengeance wait, and yet
6 months, and then retaliate.

Spring Poetry

This is a form
of bait
We're using
To see if you
Will read a piece
Set up like this.
And think it worth
While, because
Its style makes you
Think of poetry.
We're glad you bit.

As Seen Through the Eyes of the World, Namely Those of

- I. THEIR FACULTY:
 - Heathenish
 - Obstinate
 - Presumptuous
 - Erratic
 - Inane
 - Thankless
 - Explosive
 - Sentimental
- II. THEIR PARENTS:
 - Humble
 - Obedient
 - Precious
 - Expensive
 - Ingenious
 - Talented
 - Earnest
 - Serious
- III. THEMSELVES:
 - Honorable
 - Obliging
 - Praiseworthy
 - Essential
 - Ill-treated
 - Truthful
 - Elegant
 - Sensible

All *sparkling* couples are sedulously warned to keep away from the district lying between Columbia and Lincoln Avenues, on 12th and 13th St. Two big gas tanks.

Night hawks fly away on the wings of the morning.

Did You Ever Hear? *Say:*
Rhea Oltman....."Don't, Marvin!"
Della Hospers....."Kiss me quick!"
Lois De Kruif.."?" (It depends on the male)
Miss Martin....."No, indeed!"
Mrs. Durfee....."How vulgar!"
Ruth Blekkink
"Why Gerrit Henry Overkamp!"
A. Heusinkveld, "How deliciously exquisite!"
J. Tillema,
"Who hung my overcoat in Van Vleck?"
B. Hakken....."Combination 16 Ball."
Z. Z. Luidens....."x x x ——— xxxx?xx!!!"
B. Van Putten....."No,—you?"
J. Moore....."I'm indisposed today, Prof."
Prof. Waide....."And that sort of thing."



Outside Reading!



If Mamie were a goose, would Harriet Baker?

If years should backward roll, would Nellie B. Smallegan?

If Willis should marry, to whom would he be most Neerkin?

(Everyone will think this is Punk)

If she were starving, who'd get Anne Ameele?

If the parlor lights are out, how can Van Zee?

If Elizabeth Pieters out, will Catherine Poppen.

If discards were lead, would Sara Helene Trompen?

If you were a poor fish, could Emma Hoekje?

If Della were near New York, would J. Seymour of her?

Preparedness

Teunis Prins—"Say, Gordon, you better look out or you'll soon be getting in trouble with the Germans."

Gordon—"What makes you think so?"

Prins—"Seems to me you're getting the rushin' habit."

I find a wedding a doleful thing,
But a funeral is more comforting.
When I see a man, married or dead,
This manner of thinking pops into my head:
"How sad (or what luck, as the case may be)
That the man up in front there isn't me."

The Lord surely freezes the water, but we
are expected to cut our own ice.

Paul Stegeman to Prof. Elias—"I don't deserve an F grade in German, Professor, and you know it!"

Her Prof.—"Vy, yes, Mester Stegeman, dat iss right, I do know dat. But dat iss de lowest grade dat I could give you. Just look what it says at de bottom of your cart vonce yourself!"

Miss Martin (at dinner)—"Mr. Beltman, this certainly is not a clean knife you have laid before me."

Waiter Beltman (confidently)—"Why, pardon me, Miss Martin, but I'm sure it is. The last thing I saw Frances cut with it was a bar of soap."

"How did your daughter pass her examination?" asked one mother of another.

"Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but they ask that poor girl about things that happened long before she was born."

"How are you getting along with your music, Van Dyke?"

"Well, I don't want to throw bouquets at myself, but lots of the neighbors say they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

Gertrude Schuurman went home to spend spring vacation, and the folks gave a little party in her honor. And in their honor Gertrude brought forth her new garments for exhibition.

Picking up a filmy silk creation, she said to the admiring group, "Isn't this perfectly scrumptious? Just think, all this silk came from the little insignificant worm."

"Gertrude," remonstrated her hard-working father, his brow furrowed, "that is not the way to refer to your father."

"Why, Dell, where'd you get all these swell eats?"

"Well, you see, hun, one of the fellows told me a secret and I traded it to Lois for a Hershey bar, to Marie for a can of soup, and to Rhea for two half-baked buns."

Reading the Lines at the Movies

YessirthankyousirshallIsayyouareoutifanyone callssir?"

TellthemIamoutofthecity,andFerguson—"

"Yessir."

Have the aut ready for an early run in the morning. Have a large bunch of orchids in the car, Ferguson.

Yessir, anything else sir?

Nothing else, Ferguson.

Through the Eyes of the Muse

J. NIENHUIS—

"Tis true he is not much inclined
To fondness for the female kind."

B. MULDER—

"I love to hear him talk—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound."

ED. KOSTER—

"Rejoice that nature made but one such
man,
And in the moulding, lost the die."

J. STAP—

"He used to come at 10 o'clock,
And now he comes at noon."

WILLIS POTTS—

"Some for renown on scraps of knowledge
dote,
And think they grow immortal as they
quote."

HEUSINKVELD—

"Bid me discourse,
I will enchant thine ear."

L. KLEINHEKSEL—

"His cheeks display a second spring
Of roses taught in wine to bloom."

J. FLIPSE—

"Take all my thoughts, my brains, yes, take
them all,
What hast thou now, more than thou hadst
before?"

M. BROWER—

"Here is one as brilliant as a spark,
He aims at nothing, and hits the mark."

B. HAKKEN—

"Absence of occupation is not rest:
A mind unexercised is a mind distressed."

F. DE JONG—

"How much a farmer that's been sent to
roam,
Excels the farmer that's been kept at home."

The average woman can change her mind
in half the time it takes a bald man to part
his hair.

"Herr Chapman, lesen Sie die Nächsten
Stück auf Deutsche, bitte!"

1. Ah! Ohren Tuch Ann once

Authen Aa Bot;
Ann Saatan wonne Seit
Weil Ohren Rot.

2. Thee Bot was raten,

Butte Thae nu Not,
That Reit wer an Saat an
Was Thee wiech Spat.

3. As Thee Waters Kloaz Ohr Theme

(Thee Storee Grosz Brief)
Ohn Lee Ohren's last Damit
Kohms tu Ana's Relief.

Cat—"Doesn't that singing in the Delphi
room move you?"

Nip—"It did once, but now I've got the
farthest room away from it that I can get."

Sensible girls don't cry; it is more pictur-
esque to sob.

Cynthia P. suddenly bursting from her room,
Cornelia having called her attention to her
ring—"Were you ringing my ring, Florence."

Florence (dispassionately)—"Ringing it?
No, girl, I have been tolling it; I thought you
were dead."

Ethel D. (romantically)—"How pale the
moon is."

Beggs—"Yes; it's been out late for several
nights."

At the baseball game:

John Kuite—"Well, Miss Ihrman, I suppose
you understand baseball?"

Hermine—"Yes, all but one thing."

John—"Oh yes, what's that, then?"

Hermine (softly)—"What do they use bats
for?"

The easiest way for a girl to catch a man
is by not trying.



THE FRESHMAN LAUGHING-STOCK.

New Journalism

Feature Heads Clipped from Hope College
Anchor But They Have Failed

PRESIDENT VENNEMA

says that a man who

SWEARS FALSELY

is a malefactor

DR. McCREARY FLUNKS

many students

IN BIBLE EXAM

PROF. GODFREY

sees a new star

IN HEAVEN



JOHN TILLEMA ENGAGED TO

tutor

CHARMING YOUNG CO-ED

PROF. WICHERS

claims that Chas. I. was

ACCIDENTALLY

BEHEADED

MRS. WINIFRED DURFEE

gives talk on the girl who

WISHES TO MARRY

MISS MARTIN PASSES

teacher's examination before her

17th BIRTHDAY

PROF. ELIAS SHOWS

In talk to P. T. C., the effect on students of

POOR BREEDING

by parents

AT HOME

Before you read any further,
If you have received any pokes,
Turn back and read page — 132
The verse introducing these jokes.

A Faculty Figment

A comic tragedy in three acts.

Time: Early spring.

Place: Under Grand Haven Bridge on
Black River.

Occupation: Repairing and swabbing marine
junk-heap.

ACT I

SCENES 1, 2, 3, and 17

The scene opens with an open motor boat
in the foreground (as per illustration).

The pilot on the bridge signals to the en-
gineer, "Full speed ahead!"

Engineer signals back, "Nothing didding, no
(j)use!"

Pilot frantically signals, "S. O. S." (Sink
or Swim).

Engineer replies, "C. O. D." (Come on
Deck).

(Continued on page 139)

Look For This Drug Store



H OPE for the best in toilet requisites and household preparations **is realized** in picking out the SAN-TOX Drug Store.

You will know this one best drug store in **your** locality by the sign of the Nurse on the window. Each

SanTox

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A hurried consultation follows in the cockpit. Deck hand produces a Greek Lexicon from his jeans. Swabber refers to Browning's rules of Exhaustion. Pilot makes a motion to think.

Engineer replies, "By the beard of Shakespeare, No!"

Motion not carried—too heavy. A low conversation ensues which drowns the noise of the silent engine.

Pilot advances theory that engine is in a subjunctive mood and speaks in the middle voice. Engineer replies that he never understood an Elizabethan Carburetor.

Pilot says, economically speaking, "Our gas has reached its stage of marginal utility."

At this juncture engineer notices that the iambic commutator is on the blink. Pilot climbs cautiously to "crow's nest" and calls to engineer to unfurl the flag of piracy. Engineer mutinees and, after looking at the pipes, places his Tuxedo in a locker. Pilot slips on Greece and dives from "crow's nest" to bottom of the river, which he feels deeply; his hat follows, which is also deeply felt. Engineer seeks means of rescue and throws out his chest.

We forgot to introduce the characters:
Pilot and Deck Hand—Prof. Dimnent.
Chief Engineer and Swabber—Prof. Nykerk.
Curtain falls. No applause.

ACT II

Scene same as in Act I.

Clouds overhead. Storm brewing, causing silver foam to lap sides of boat.

Engineer kneels and whispers silently into the piston head:

"The shades of night are falling fast,

The hour of lunch is long since past,

Blow—Zephyrs—blow!!!

We've filled you up with gasoline,

Why don't you run like a machine?

Go—engine—go!!XX!?"

Pilot has climbed on board again and the bell wrings out his clothes of a perfect day. Engineer says that Pilot looks as daamp as Broadstreet in Oxford on a foggy day. Pilot and engineer labor diligently over engine until fatigued by exhaust.

Engineer shivers and adjusts the muffler. Pilot pulls out watch and winds the timer. En-

(Continued on page 140)

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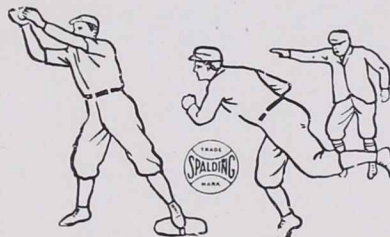
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gine coughs and sneezes seven times. Pilot orders salute of great guns but engine misses fire. Rudder receives a condition it cannot pass. Pilot calls out, "Flunk it." Engineer replies, "G." No mark is left upon it. This is right.

Curtain falls. Soaring crows applaud B-CAWS!

ACT III

It remains to B Scene.

Scene changes to Bur-dock, 2 miles up the creek. Another dread-naught lies at anchor.

Common-door Hoffman on the prow.

Professor Wades behind.

Heusinkveld playing extemporaneous love songs on guitar built in Graafschap. The NOTES re-echo from the STATE BANK, and a DRAFT is felt which CHECKS the boat. This BALANCES the "log" and makes it SAFE beneath the VAULTED heavens.

Coxswain Elias sees a schooner stranded on the bar and softly calls loudly 4th— "Zeentraleinkaufsge-nossenschaaf."—

(Continued on page 142)

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Weighing anchor they proceed down stream,
and seeing signals of distress from first boat
(?) they try to rock it with rockets.
Common-door Hoffman calls out:

"NAVES OHOY!!"

Pilot and swabber of first boat bellow out
separately in one voice: "Shiver our timbers,
another scow to port!"

Engineer does a Hesitation with Pilot and
cries out:

"Saved by a HARE."

(This is the climax. The characters approach the center of the stage—coaching each other.)

General handshaking follows over rescue from drink.

Scene closes. Engineer delivers a limburger cheese invective on marine engines.

Cabin-boy Lillema softly sings the epilogue.

Curtain falls into the lap of spring.

Orchestra plays "His Wooden Leg, or, False to the End."

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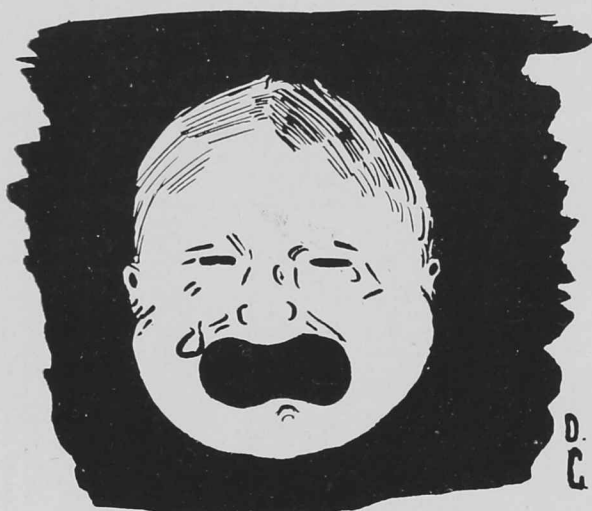
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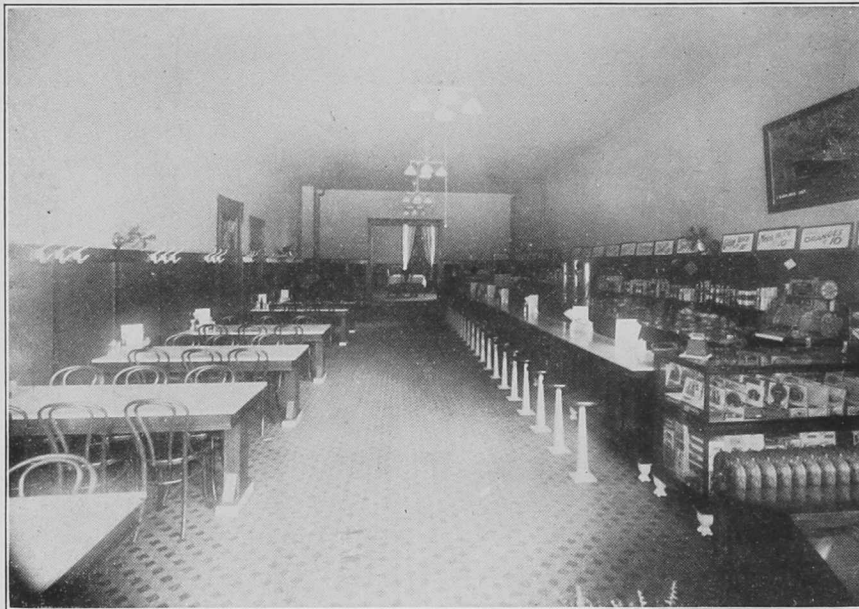
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C. J.—"Well, continue. What is her mission?"

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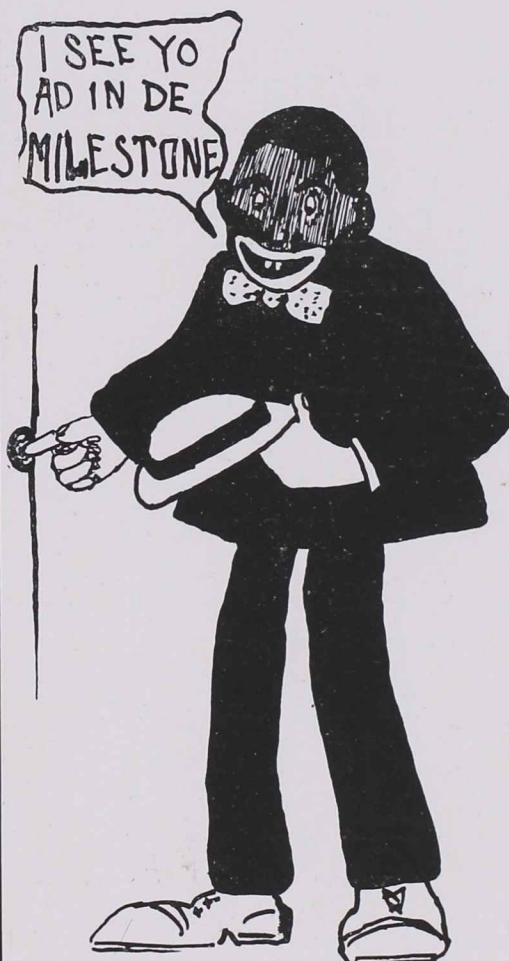
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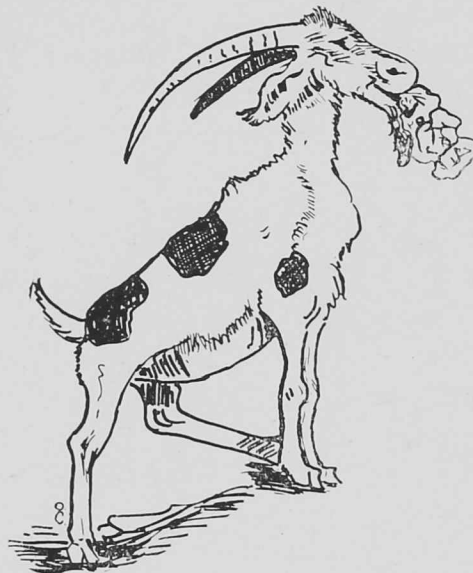
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